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"For my soul delighteth in the song of the heart, yea, the song of the righteous is a prayer unto me, and it shall be answered with a blessing upon their heads.—*Doc. and Cov., Sec. 25, Par. 12.*

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A COLLECTION

OF

Hymns and Songs

FOR

LITTLE SAINTS.

By

WM. A. MORTON.

(Copyright, 1900.)

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INTRODUCTION.

HYMNS AND SONGS FOR LITTLE SAINTS has been published in response to numerous requests from teachers and pupils, and we now send the little songster forth upon its mission with an earnest prayer that God will accept of its songs of praise. We have aimed at simplicity, both in words and music, so that the children might be able to sing with the spirit and with the understanding also. Among those to whom our thanks are due are Elders R. B. Baird and Edwin F. Parry: the former for contributions of music, the latter for having carefully revised the work.

To the children of the Saints, in all parts of the world, this little volume is respectfully dedicated. God bless you, my little brothers and sisters, and by His Holy Spirit tune your voices to sweetly sing His praise.

I am, your Brother in the Gospel.

WM. A. MORTON.

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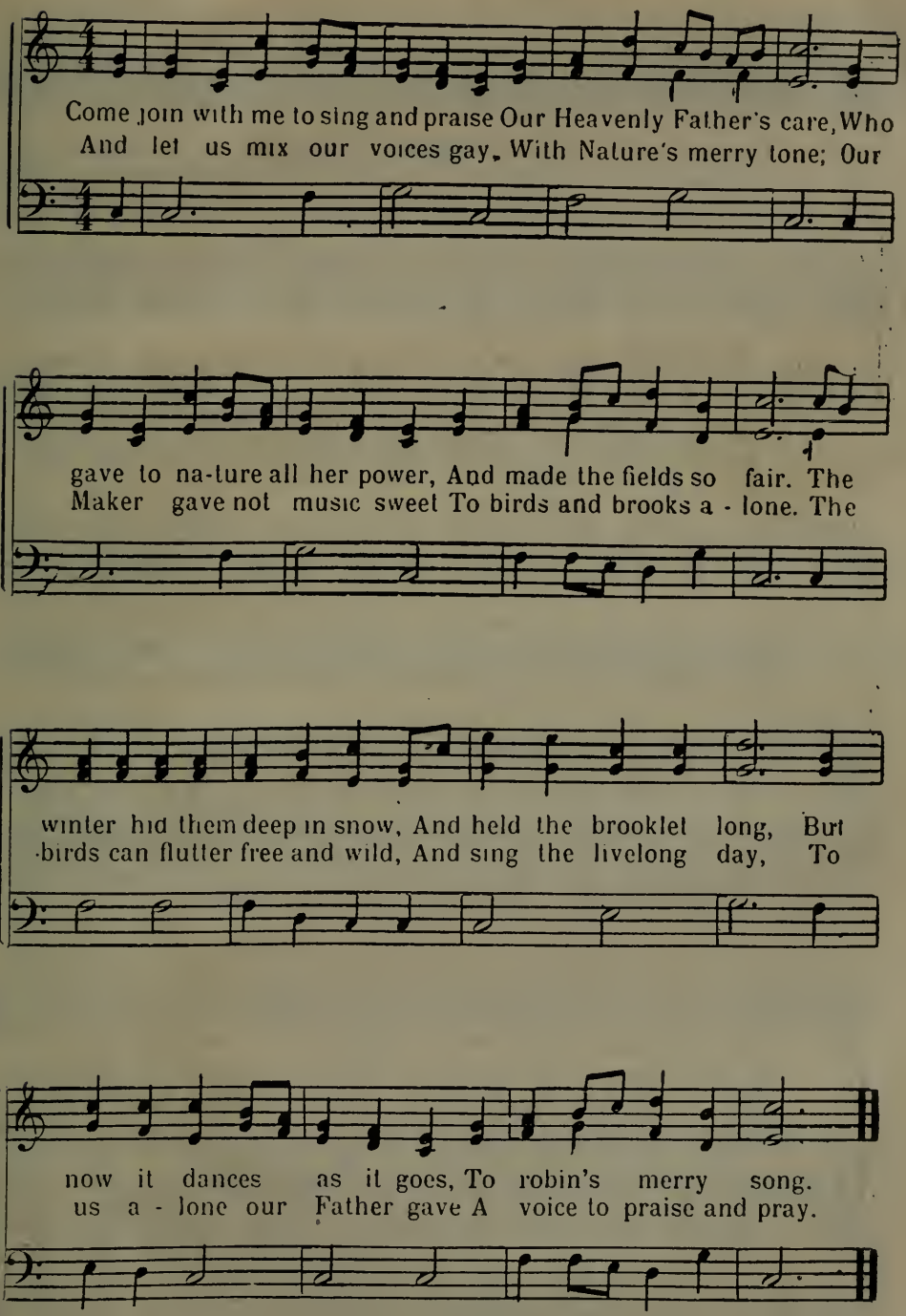
COME, JOIN WITH ME TO SING AND PRAISE.

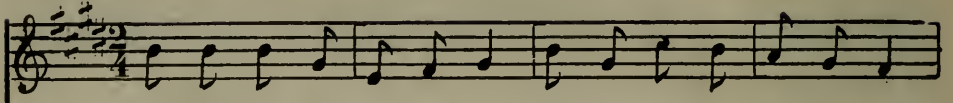
MUSIC BY R. B BAIRD.



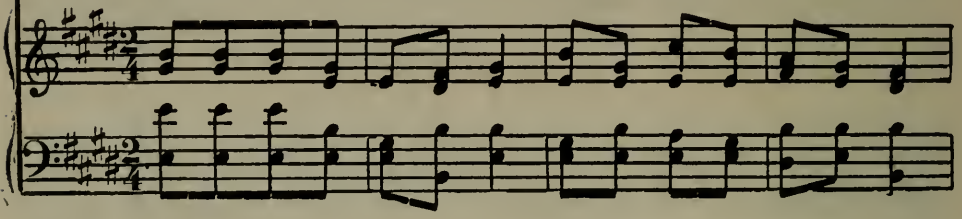
LET US ALL UNITE AND SING.

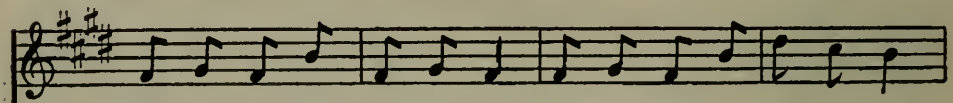
WORDS BY W. A. MORTON MUSIC BY E. BEESLEY.

Moderato.

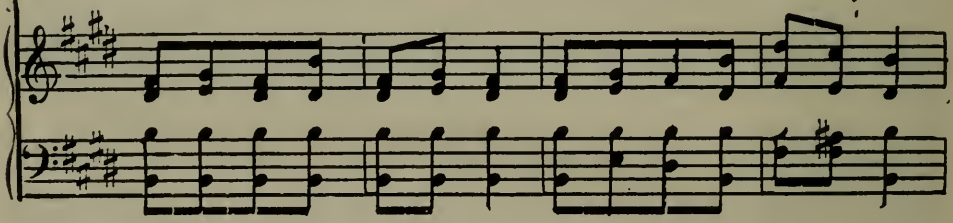


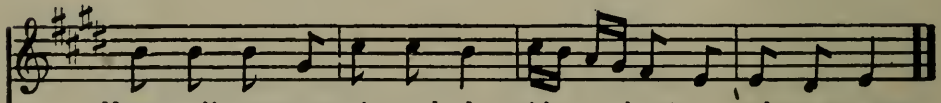
1. Let us all unite and sing, Praises to our God and King—
2. Lord, accept this song of praise, From Thy Saints of latter days;
3. Bless Thy Church and servants, Lord, Bless the bearers of Thy word;



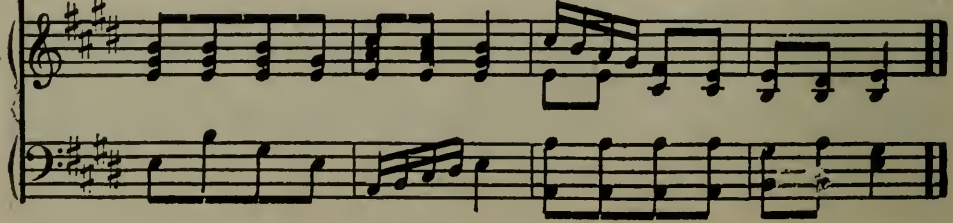


God, who made the earth and sky, And the beasts, the birds that fly.
For the glorious Gospel light, 'Midst the darkness shining bright,
Food and shelter them provide, Let Thy spirit be their guide;





He supplies our wants each day, Always hears us when we pray.
Sing a song, a song of love, To our Father, God above.
Though from home they wander far, Be Thou Lord. their guiding star.



REJOICING.

WORDS BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER. MUSIC BY G. F. ROOT.

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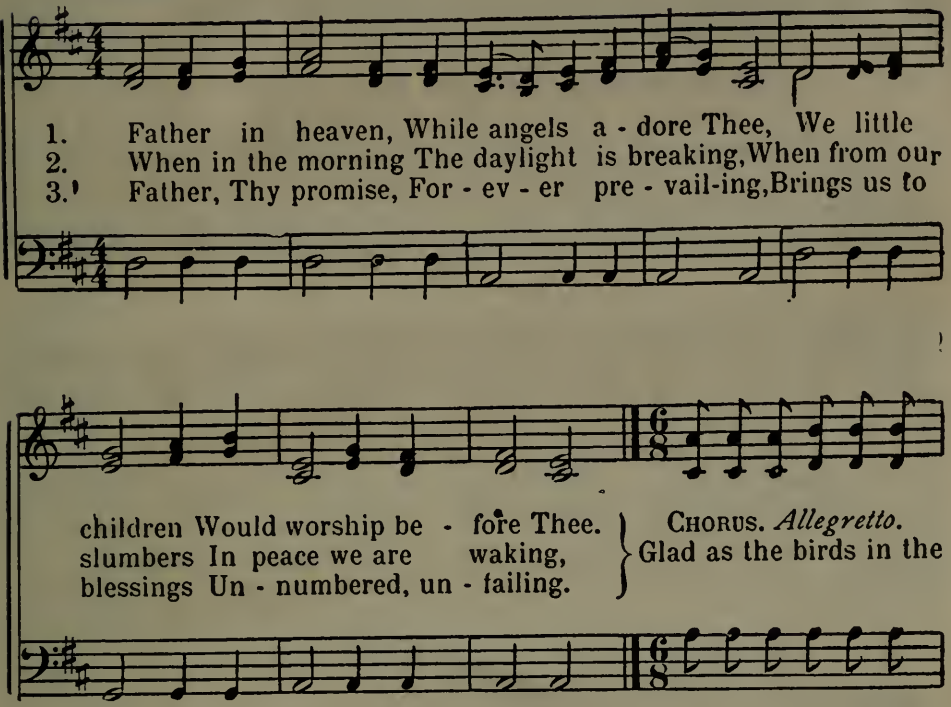
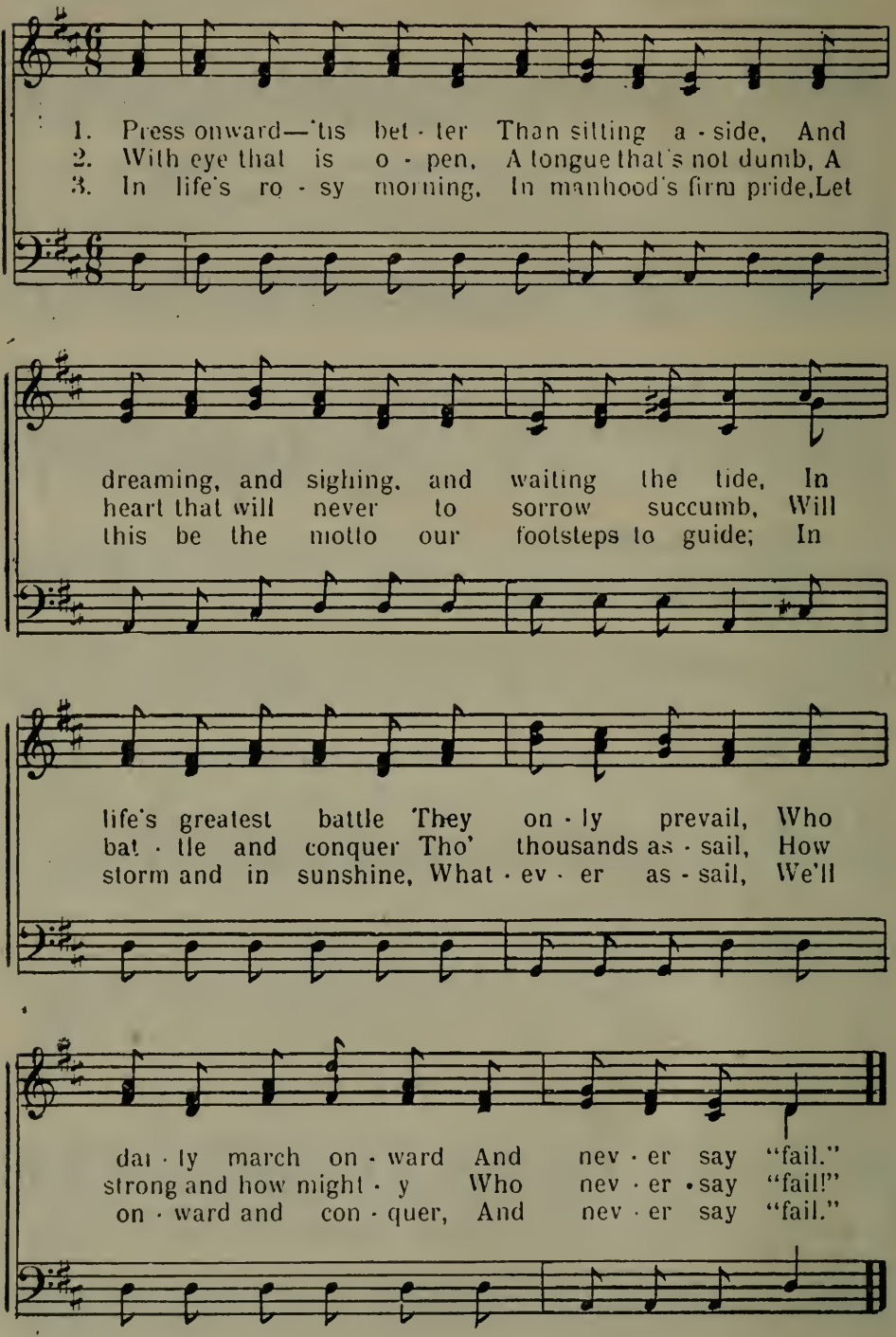


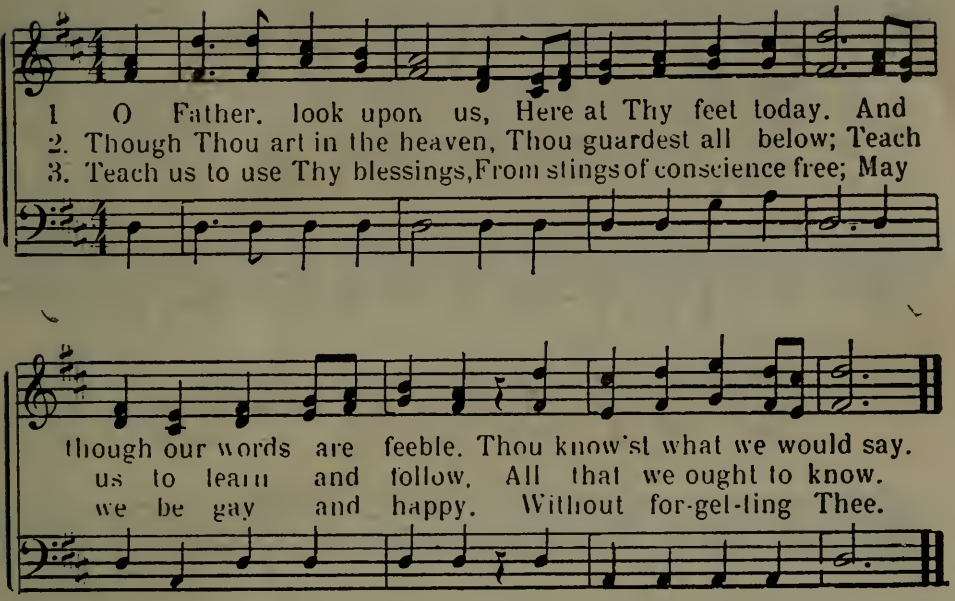
NEVER SAY "FAIL."

Words by Nova. Music by S. C. Hanson.



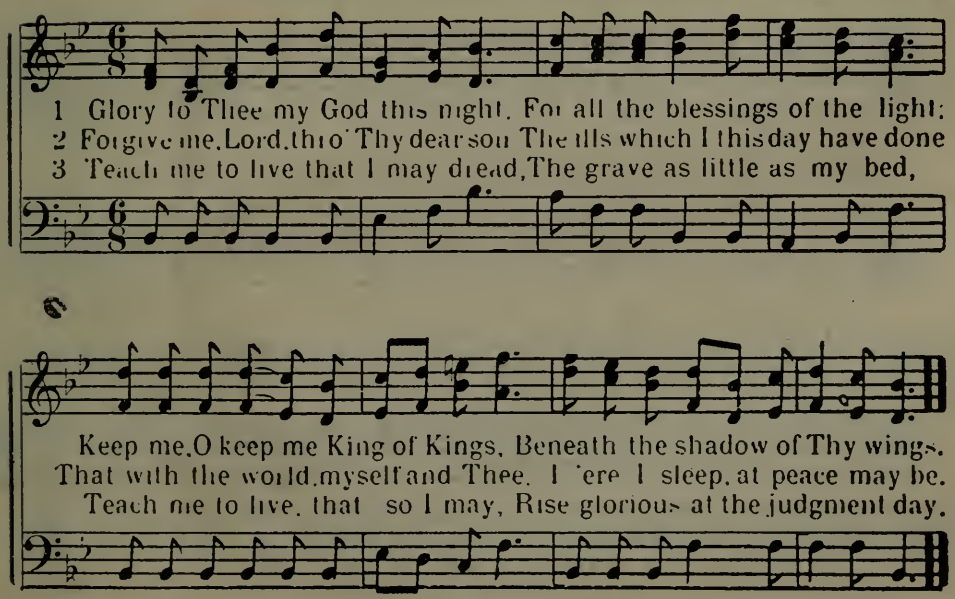
O FATHER, LOOK UPON US.

MUSIC BY R. B. BAIRD.



GLORY TO THEE, MY GOD, THIS NIGHT.

MUSIC BY R. B. BAIRD.



NOT TOO YOUNG FOR GOD TO SEE.

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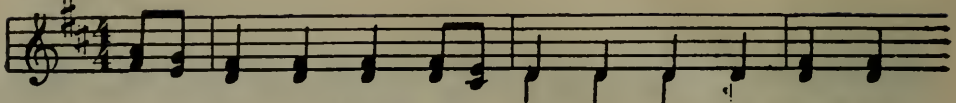
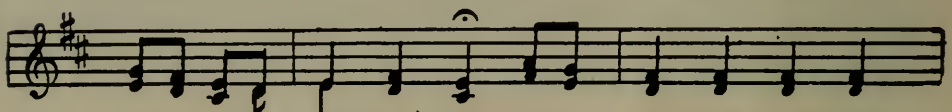
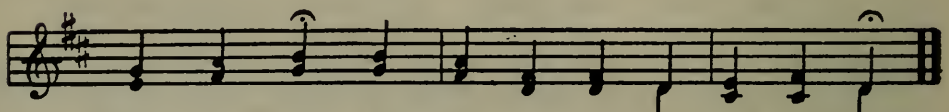


1. I'm not too young for God to see, He knows my
2. He listens to the words I say, And knows the
3. Oh, how could chil - dren tell a lie, Or cheat in
4. Then, when I want to do a - miss, How - ev - er

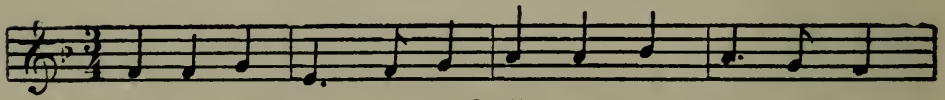


name and nature, too; And all day long He
thoughts I have with - in; And whether I'm at
play, or steal, or fight, If they re - mem - ber
pleas - ant it may be, I'll al - ways strive to

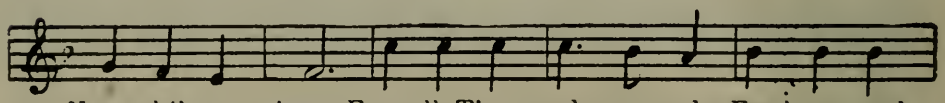


looks at me, And sees my actions through and through.
work or play, He's sure to know it if I sin.
God was nigh, And had them always in His sight.
think of this— I'm not too young for God to see.

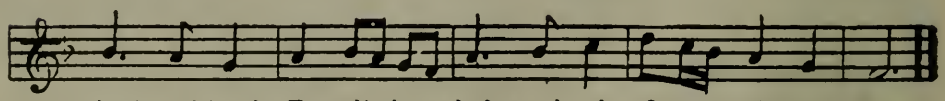
CHILDREN'S HYMN OF PRAISE.

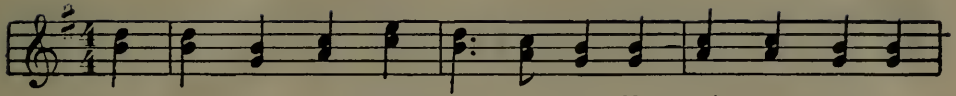


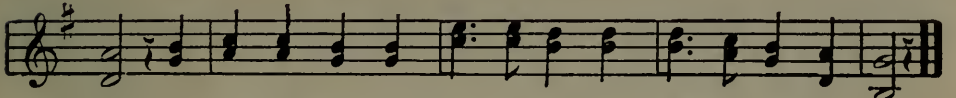
1. Father in Heav'n above, Smile on each child in love,
2. Father, now hear the praise, That we, the children, raise,
3. Hear Thou the children's prayer; For this, our land so fair,



Now while we sing. For all Thy goodness sends, For home and
For this great day. For all Thy love has done Since first our
Still may she be, Kept by Thy mighty hand, Firm may she



loving friends, For all that gladness lends, Our thanks we bring.
land was known. For every blessing shown A long the way.
ev - er stand, A grand and glorious land, Still true to Thee,

1. Let children that would fear the Lord Hear what their teachers
2. Have you not heard what dreadful plagues Are threatened by the
3. But those that worship God, And give their parents honor



say; With rev rence hear their parent's word, And with delight o -bey
Lord To him that breaks his father's laws Or mocks his mother's word?
due, Here on the earth they long may live, And live hereafter too.

BE IN TIME.

Music by S. S. Tebley.

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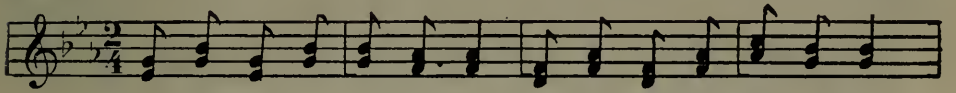
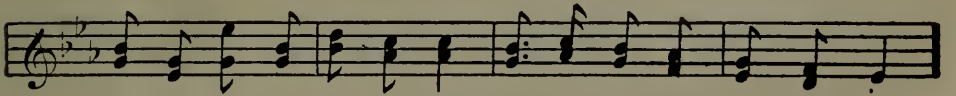
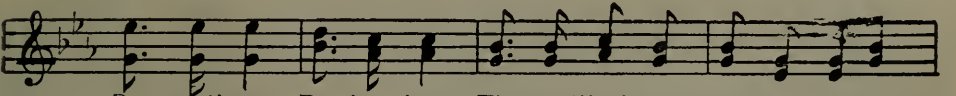


1. Be in time for ev'ry call, If you can be first of all;
2. Never linger e'er you start, Go with prompt and willing heart;
3. Those who aim at something great, Never yet were found too late.
4. Lis - ten then to wisdom's call, Knowledge now is free to all;

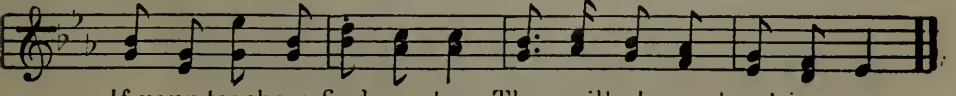


If your teachers find you true, They will always trust in you.
First to work and soonest done, This is how the prize is won.
Life with all is but a school, We must work by plan and rule.
Keep this motto still in view, For the work we have to do.

Chorus.



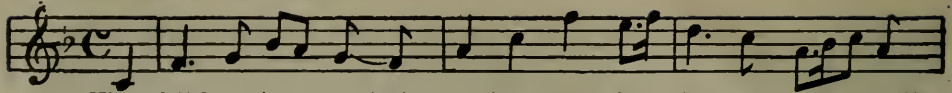
Be in time, Be in time, They will always trust in you;



If your teachers find you true, They will always trust in you.

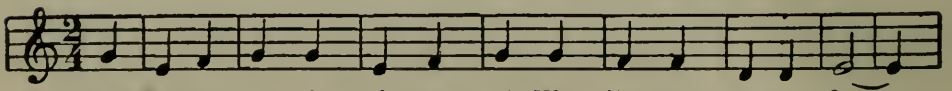
PRIMARY SONG.

WORDS BY W. A. MORTON.

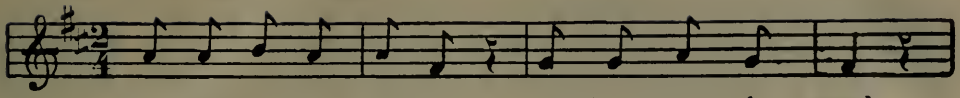


1. The children have to their meeting gone, In Pri - ma - ry you'll find them; They learn of God and of Christ His Son, And sing the songs of Zi - on. They're taught of prophets of latter days, Of Joseph, Heaven's a - noint-ed; They learn to walk in the narrow way, The way which God ap - point - ed.
2. And when each Primary day comes round, In ev - ery kind of weather. The little children can all be found, In co - sy rooms to-geth - er. And 'tis a pleasing sight to see, Each other; We show that we are kind of heart, By aid-ing friend and brother. Thus shall our lives be full of joy, No face so bright and shin - ing, For boys and girls are full of glee, And nev - er heard re - pin - ing.
3. Then let us all per - form our part, And each one help the sor - row e'er dis - tress us, In do - ing good our time employ, And God will love and bless us.

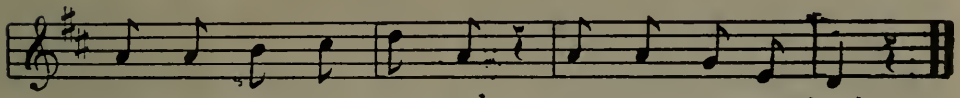
KINDNESS.



1. How many ways for doing good, We all may easy find, And one good way is to begin, By always being kind.
2. Be kind to father, mother dear, For they are kind to you, Be kind to brother, sister, friend, Be kind to teacher, too.
3. Be kind to schoolmates, kind to all, And always try to do To each and all, as you would like To have them do to you.

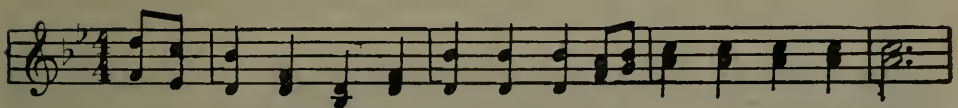


1. Little drops of water, Little grains of sand,
2. Thus the little minutes, Humble tho' they be,
3. Little deeds of kindness, Little words of love.



Make the mighty o - cean And the pleasant land.
Make the mighty a - ges Of e - ter - ni - ty.
Make our earth an E - den, Like the heav'n a-bove.

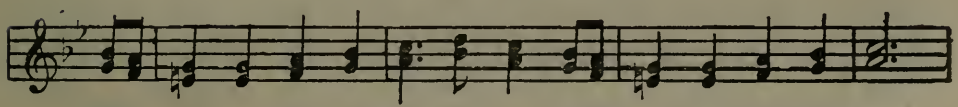
DON'T KILL THE BIRDS.



1. Don't kill the birds, the little birds! They sing about the door,
2. The lit - tle birds, that fondly play, Do not disturb their sport;

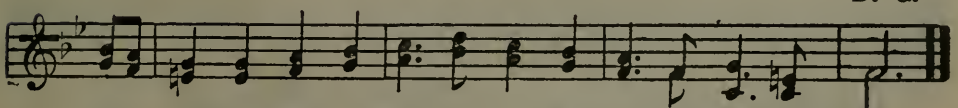
END.

Soon as the joyous spring has come, And chilling storms are o'er.
But let them warble forth their songs, Till winter cuts them short.



The little birds that sweetly sing! Oh, let them joyous live;
Don't kill the birds—the happy birds, That cheer the field and grove:

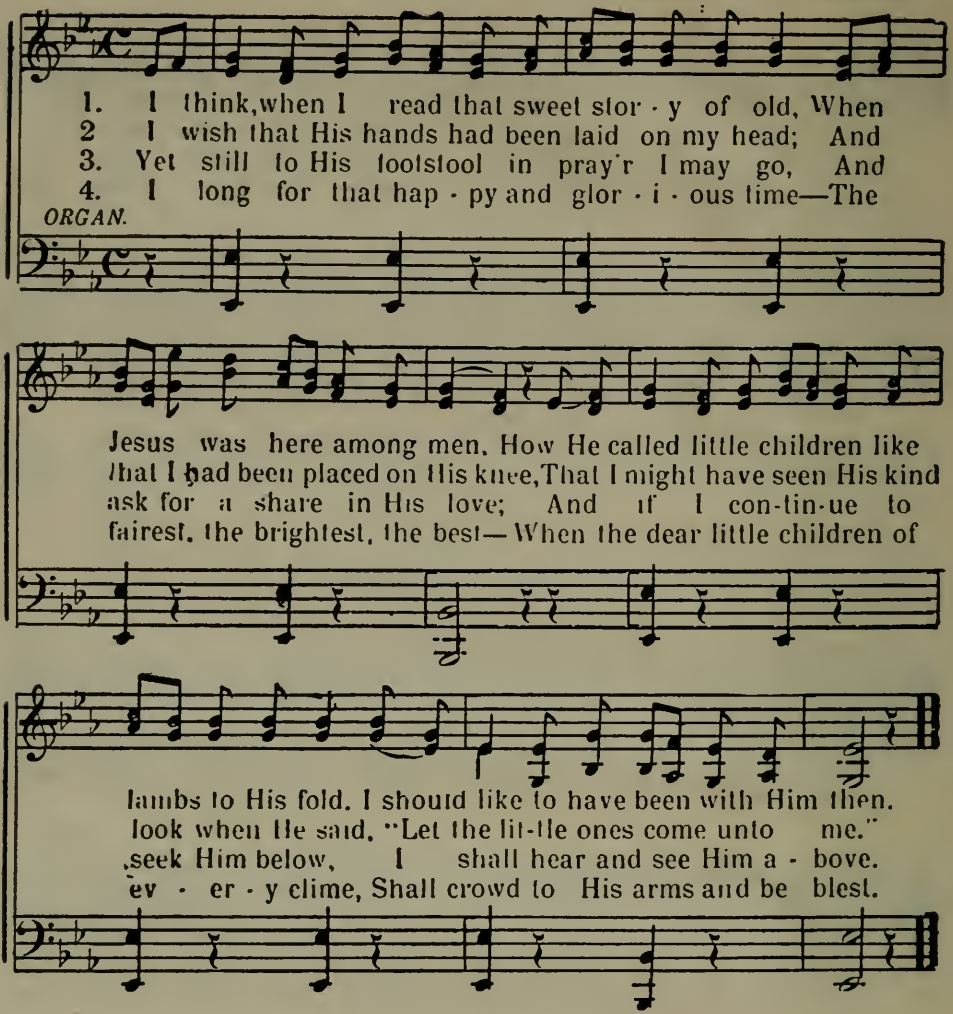
D. C.



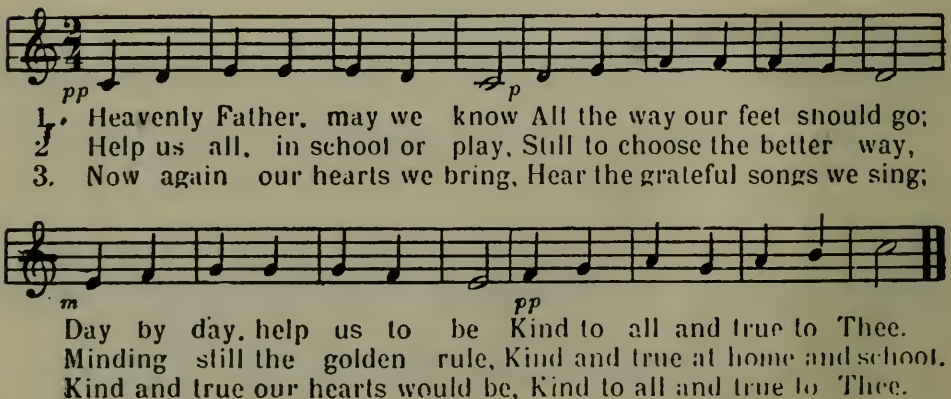
And do not seek to take their life, Which you can never give.
Such harmless things to look upon, They claim our warmest love.

THE SWEET STORY OF OLD.

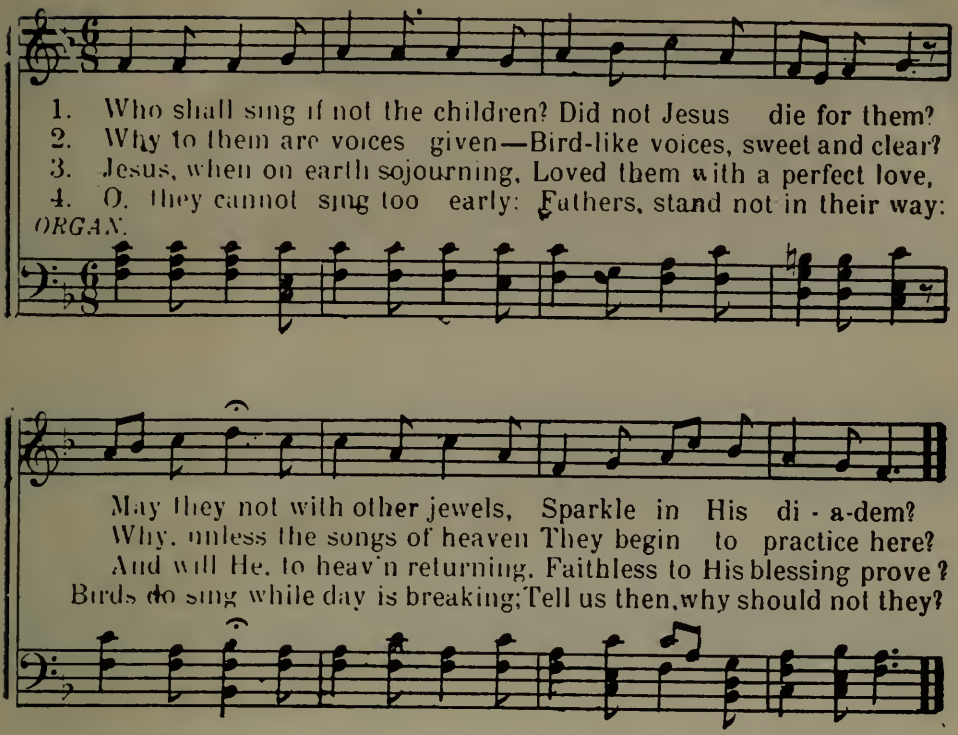
ARRANGED BY E. BEESLEY.



HEAVENLY FATHER.

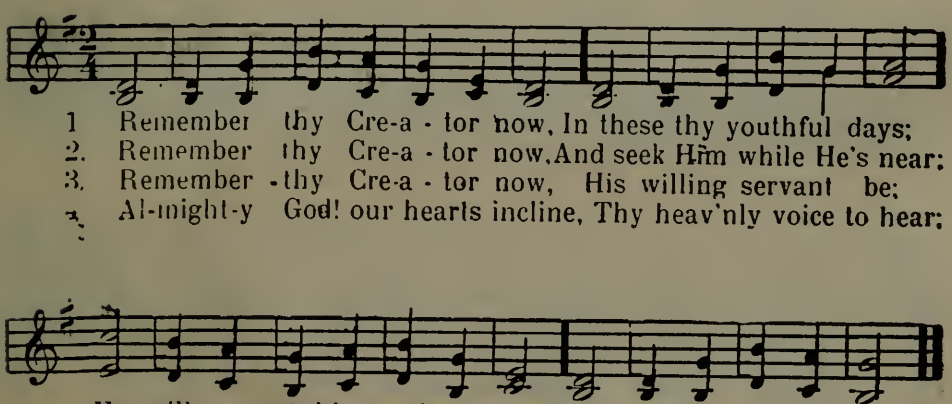


ARRANGED BY E. BEESLEY.



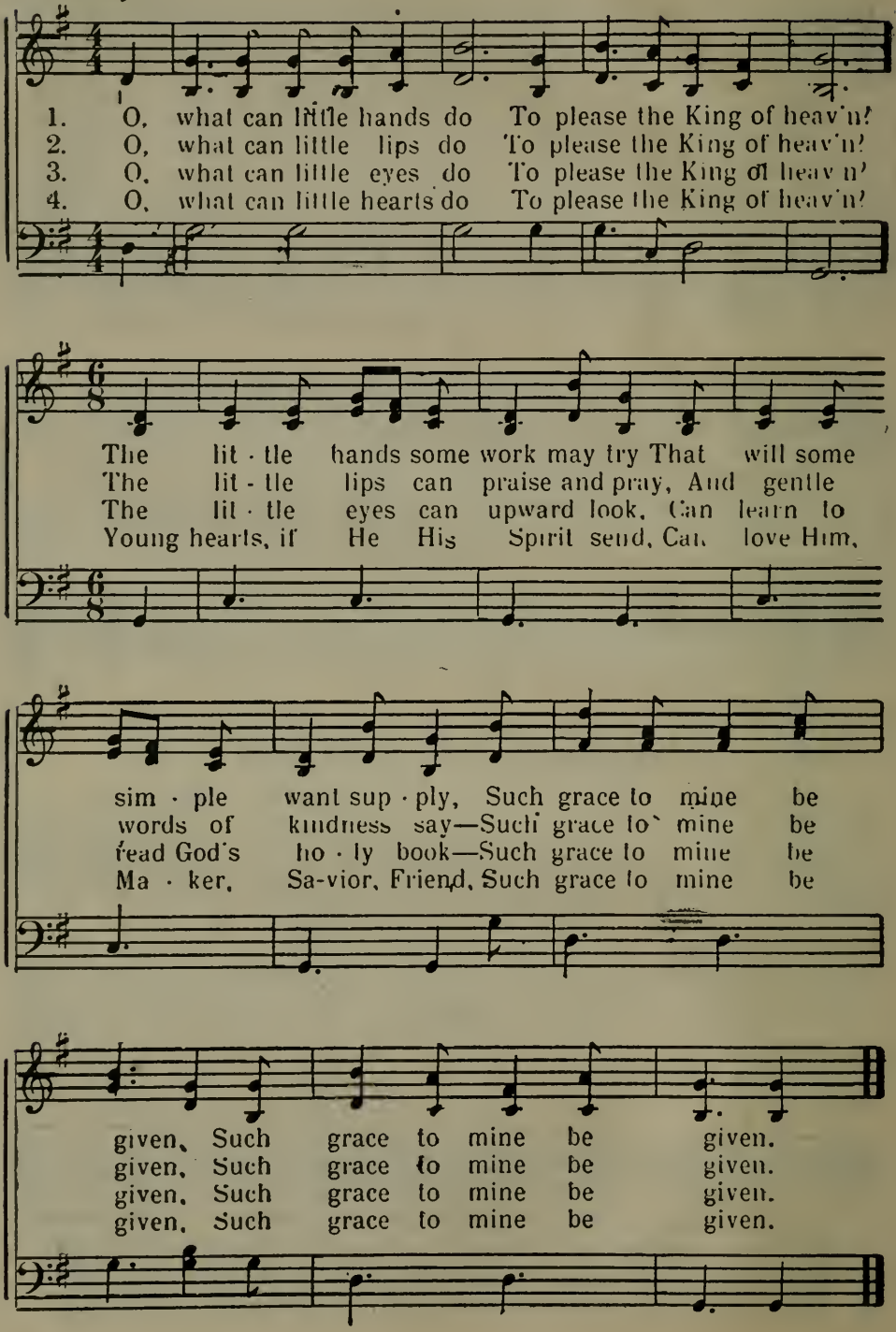
REMEMBER THY CREATOR.

MUSIC BY F. R. HAVERGAL.



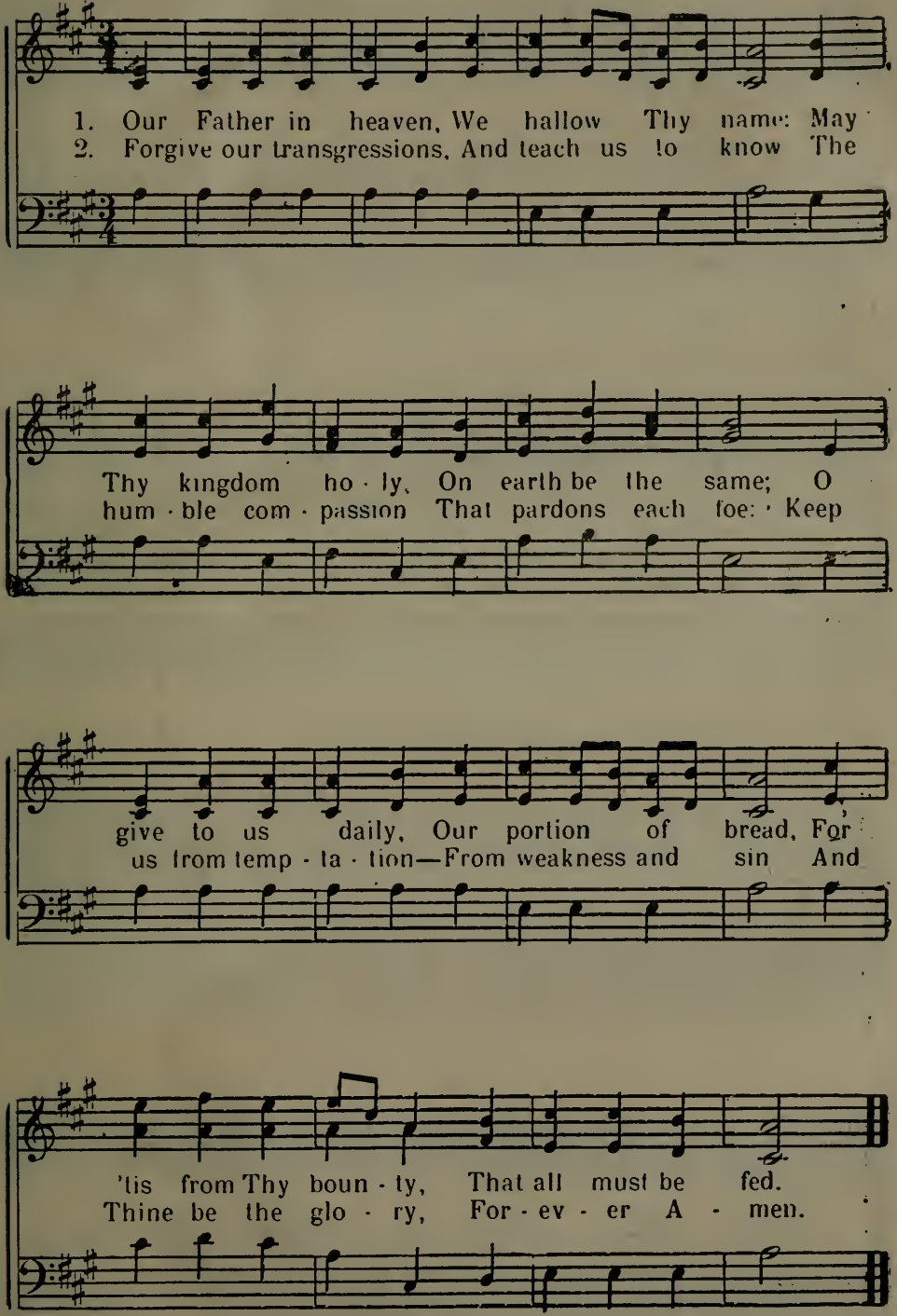
O, WHAT CAN LITTLE HANDS DO.

Sincerely. G. F. R.



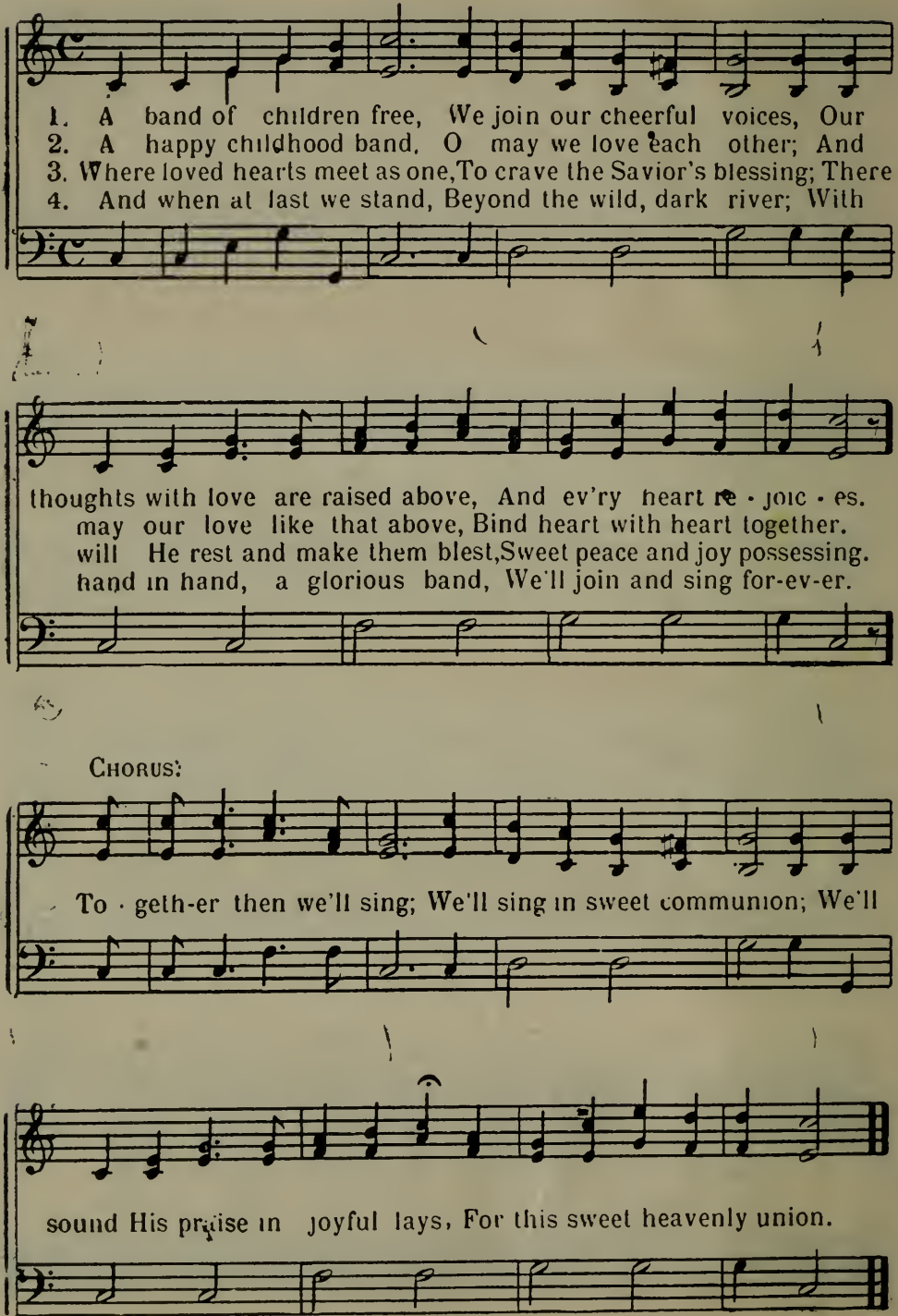
OUR FATHER IN HEAVEN.

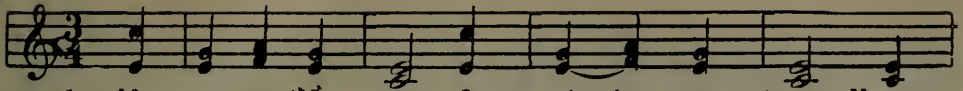
Music by R. B. Baird.



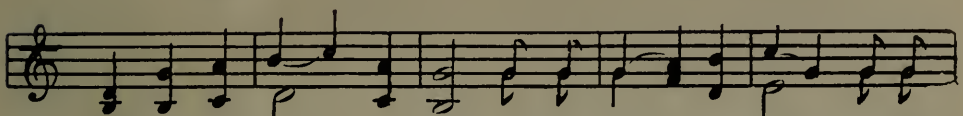
HAPPY CHILDREN.

Words by W. O. Cushing. Music by Geo. F. Root.

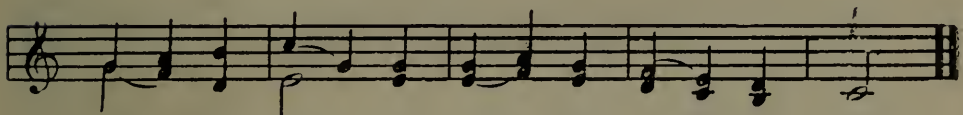




1. If ev - er I see. On bush or tree, Young
2. My mother I know Would sor - row so, Should
3. And when they can fly In the bright blue sky, They'll



birds in their pret - ty nest, I must not in play Steal the
I be stol - en a - way. So I'll speak to the birds In my
warble a song to me; And then, if I'm sad, It will

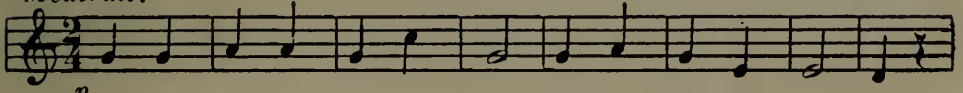


young birds a - way. To grieve their mothers breast.
soft - est words, Nor hurt them in my play.
make me glad To think they are happy and free.

DON'T GIVE UP.

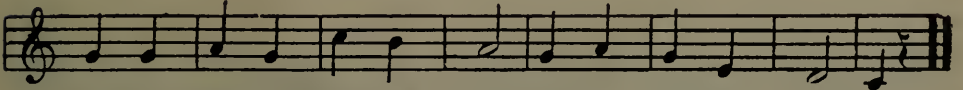
Words by Phœbe Cary.

Moderato.



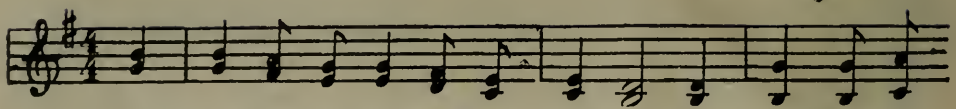
p

1. If you tried and have not won. Never stop for cry - ing,
2. Tho' young birds, in flying, fall. Still their wings grow stronger;
3. Tho' the sturdy oak has known Many a blast that bowed her,
4. If by eas - y work you beat. Who the more will prize you?

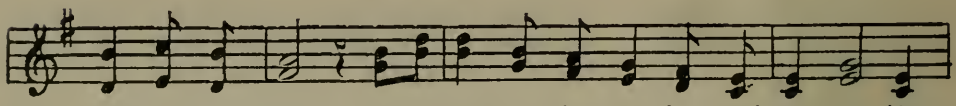


All that's great and good is done. Just by patient trying.
And the next time they can keep Up a lit - tle longer.
She has ris'n a - gain and grown. Loft-i - er and grander.
Gaining vic - t'ry by de - feat—That's the test that tries you.

E. F. P.

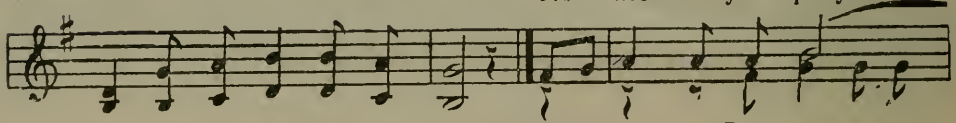


1. Re-mem-ber your prayers, little children, Both morning and
2. Re-mem-ber your prayers, little children, For-get not this
3. Re-mem-ber your prayers, little children, If trials you may
4. Re-mem-ber your prayers, little children, Give thanks to your



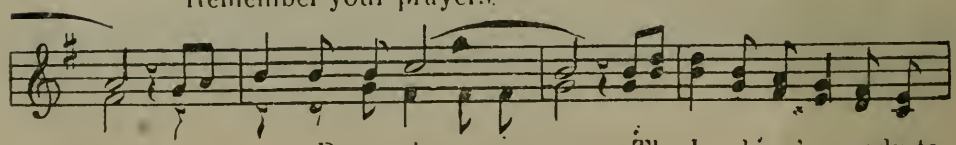
evening each day, The Lord is e'er ready to hear you, He
duty so plain; In faith if you'll pray God to bless you Your
have to bear Ask God for the strength to o'ercome them And
Father so kind For all the great blessings He gives you All

Re - member your prayers -

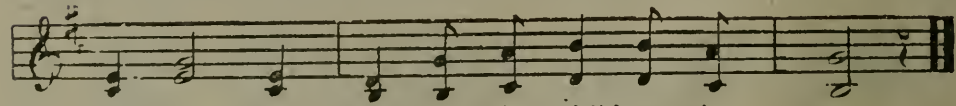


loves all His children who pray. Chorus. Remember your
asking will not be in vain.
He will then guide you with care.
good things in life that you find.

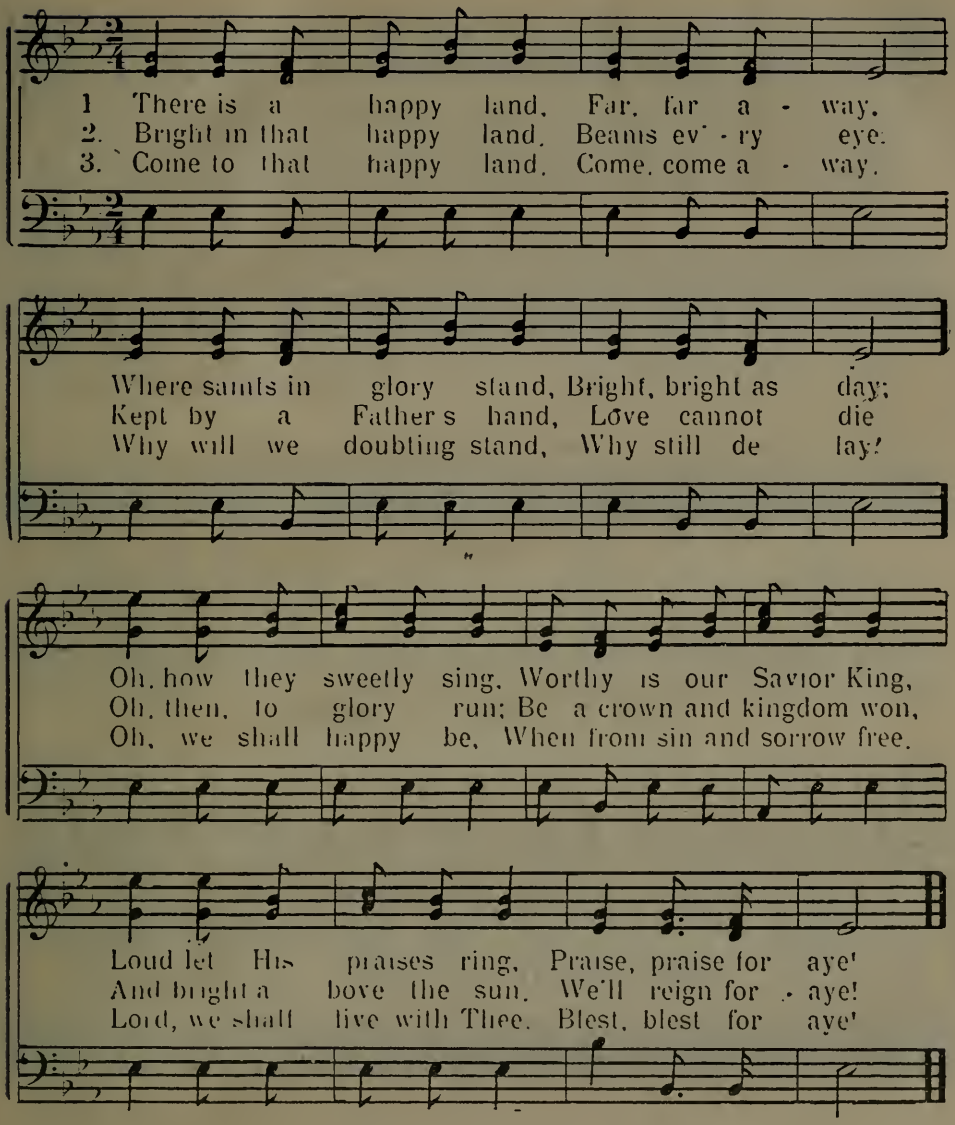
Remember your prayers.



prayers. Remember your prayers, The Lord is e'er ready to

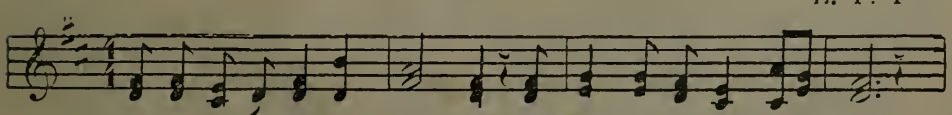


hear you He loves all His children who pray.

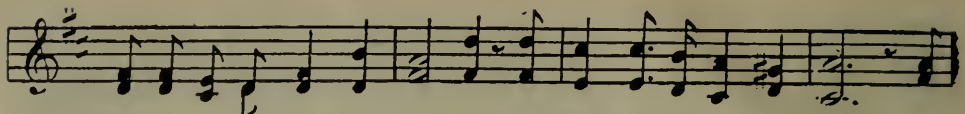


HAPPY ARE THE DAYS OF CHILDHOOD.

E. F. P

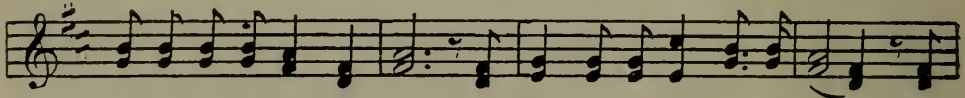


1. Happy are the days of childhood, As swiftly they glide along;
2. Happy are the days of childhood, And many bright scenes they bring;
3. Happy are the days of childhood, And quickly they pass away;

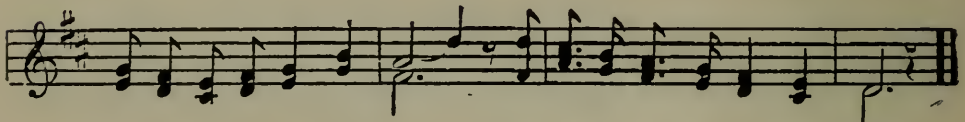


Joyful are the children's voices, And sweetly they sing the song:
Thankful are we for youth's blessings, And gladsome the song we sing } A
While we may let us employ them, And joyfully sing the lay.

CHORUS.

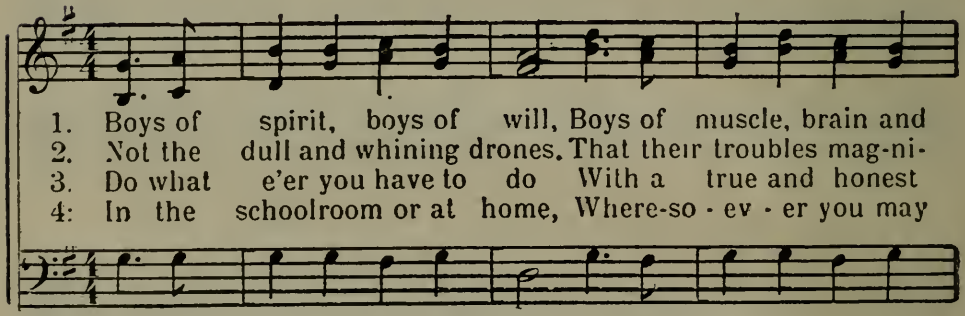


merry, cheerful band are we, So light-hearted, gay and so free: To

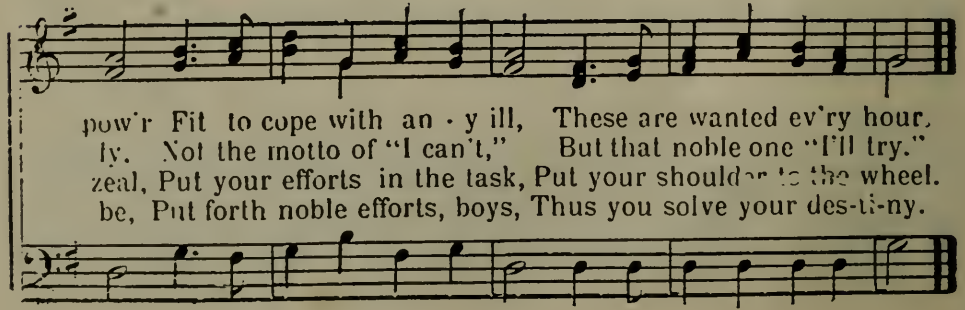


learn our duty we delight, And ever try to do what's right.

WHAT KIND OF BOYS.

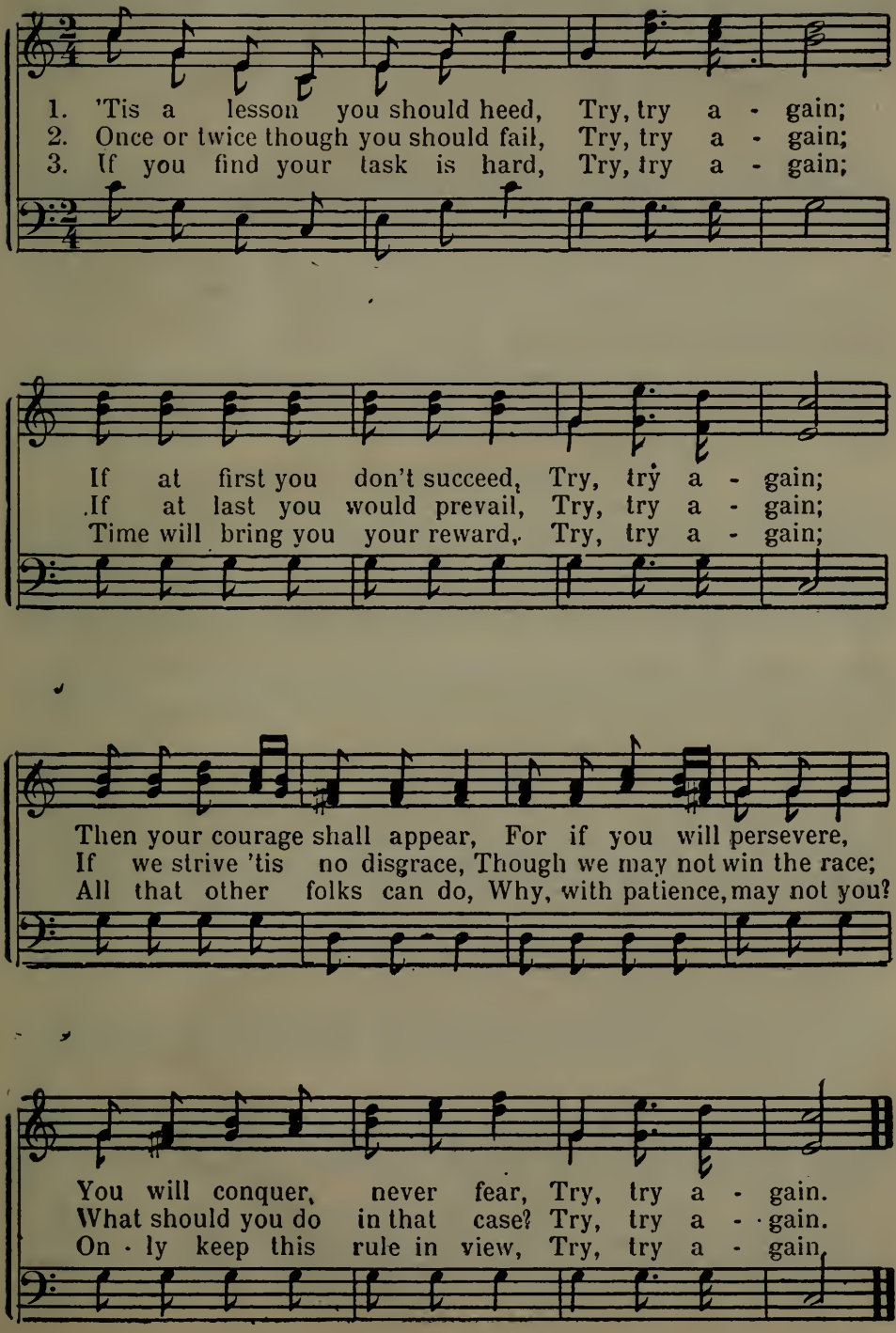


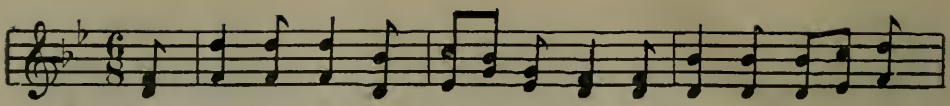
1. Boys of spirit, boys of will, Boys of muscle, brain and
2. Not the dull and whining drones, That their troubles mag-ni-
3. Do what e'er you have to do With a true and honest
4. In the schoolroom or at home, Where-so-ev-er you may



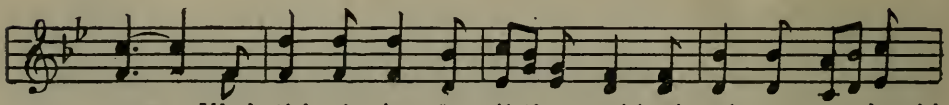
pow'r Fit to cope with an-y ill, These are wanted ev'ry hour.
fy. Not the motto of "I can't," But that noble one "I'll try."
zeal, Put your efforts in the task, Put your shoulder to the wheel.
be, Put forth noble efforts, boys, Thus you solve your des-ti-ny.

Lively.

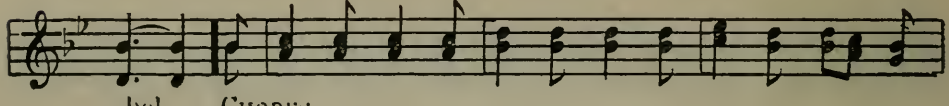

1. 'Tis a lesson you should heed, Try, try a - gain;
2. Once or twice though you should fail, Try, try a - gain;
3. If you find your task is hard, Try, try a - gain;
If at first you don't succeed, Try, try a - gain;
If at last you would prevail, Try, try a - gain;
Time will bring you your reward, Try, try a - gain;
Then your courage shall appear, For if you will persevere,
If we strive 'tis no disgrace, Though we may not win the race;
All that other folks can do, Why, with patience, may not you?
You will conquer, never fear, Try, try a - gain.
What should you do in that case? Try, try a - gain.
On - ly keep this rule in view, Try, try a - gain.



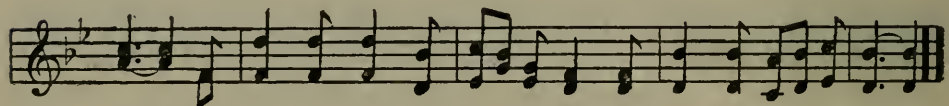
1. The golden rule, the golden rule, O, that's the law for
2. Were this the rule, in har - mo-ny, Our lives would pass a-



me, Were this the law for all the world, How happy we should
way; And none would suffer, none be poor, And none their trust be-



be! CHORUS.
tray. The golden rule, the golden rule, O, that's the law for

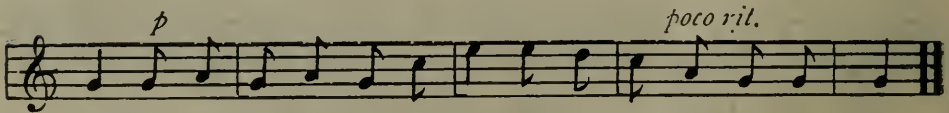


me; To do to others as I would That they should do to me.

TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR.

Allegretto moderato.

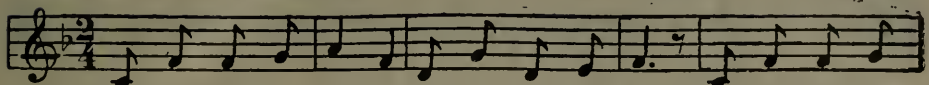
1. Twinkle, twinkle, little star, How I wonder what you
2. When the blazing sun is gone, When he nothing shines up-
3. Then the traveler in the dark, Thanks you for your ti - ny
4. In the dark blue sky you keep, Oft - en through my curtains



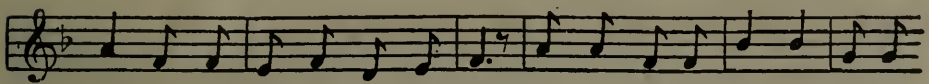
are! Up above the world so high, Like a diamond in the sky.
on, Then you show your little light, Twinkle, twinkle all the night.
spark; How could he see where to go, If you did not twinkle so.
peep, For you never shut your eye, Till the sun is in the sky.

COME NOW, LITTLE CHILDREN.

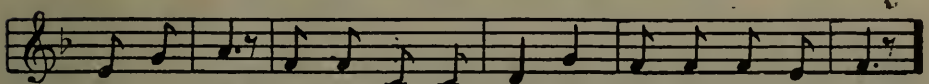
WORDS BY W. A. MORTON. MUSIC BY E. BEESLEY.



1. Come now, little children, Let us cease from play, And with joyful
2. Jesus loved the children; When on earth below. In His arms He



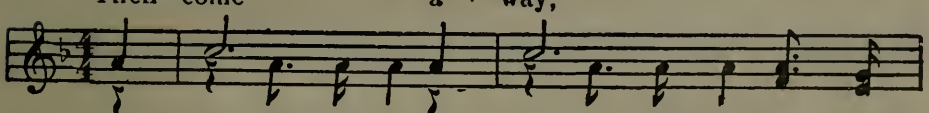
spir - its Haste to Pri - mar-y. God, our Heavenly Father, Is so
took them, The Bible tells us so. Though He is in heaven, He sees



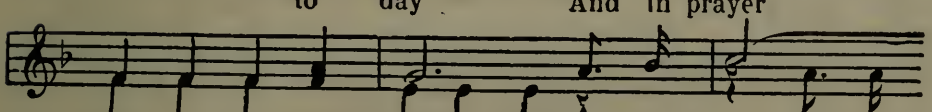
good and kind, We should love and serve Him With our heart and mind.
us to - day, As we sing His praises In our Pri-mar - y.

CHORUS.

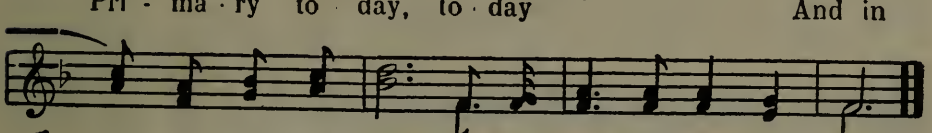
Then come a - way,



Come away, come away, come to
to day And in prayer



Pri - ma - ry to day, to - day And in

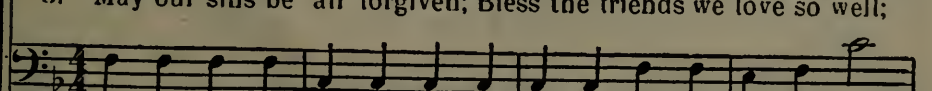


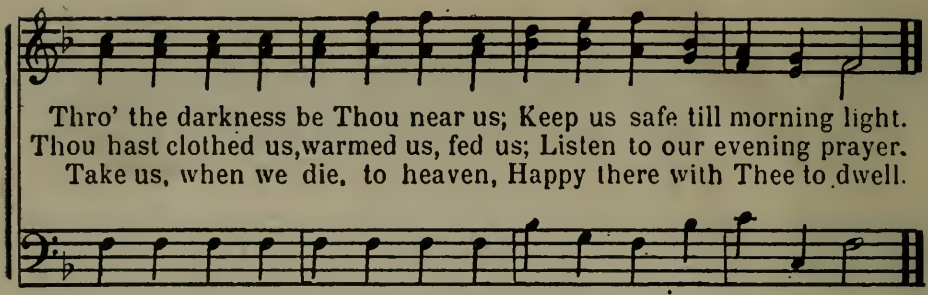
prayer and songs of love, Praise the Lord who dwells a - bove.

EVENING PRAYER.

MUSIC BY R. B. BAIRD.

1. Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear us; Bless Thy little lambs tonight;
2. All this day Thy hand has led us, And we thank Thee for Thy care;
3. May our sins be all forgiven; Bless the friends we love so well;

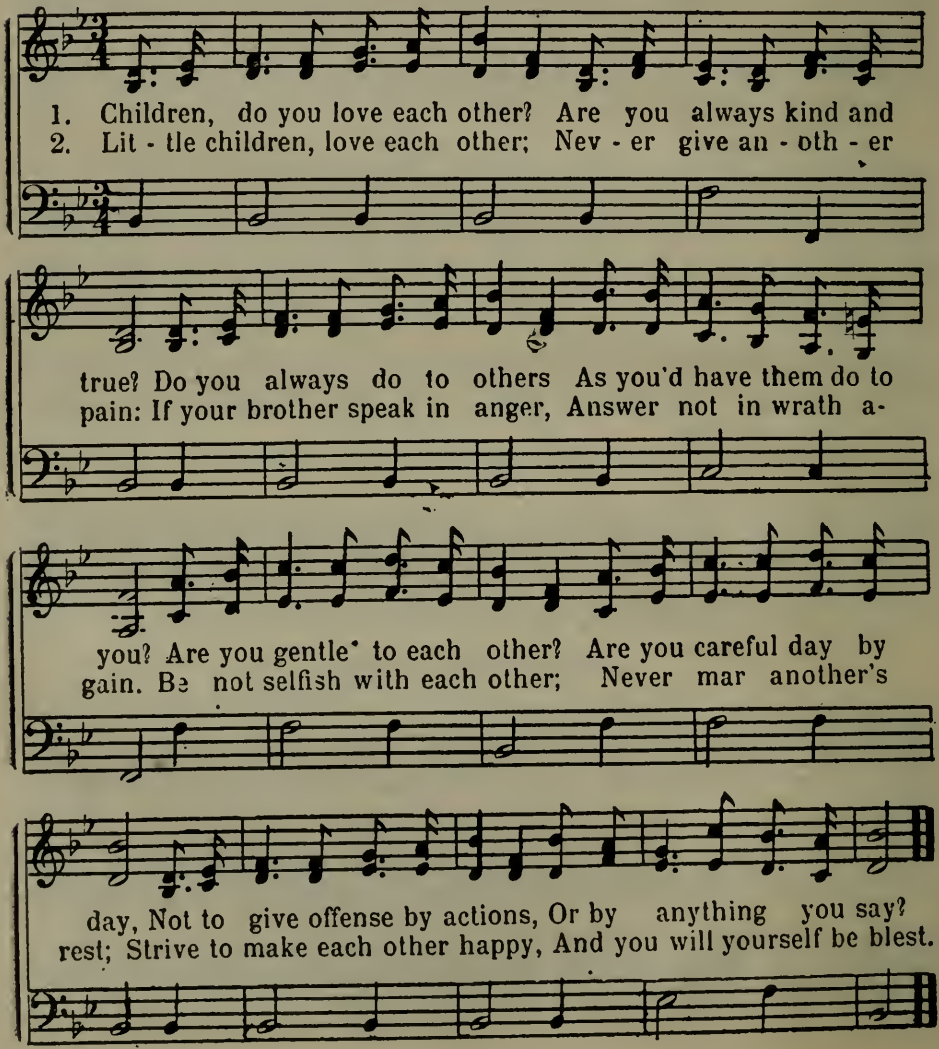




CHILDREN, DO YOU LOVE EACH OTHER?

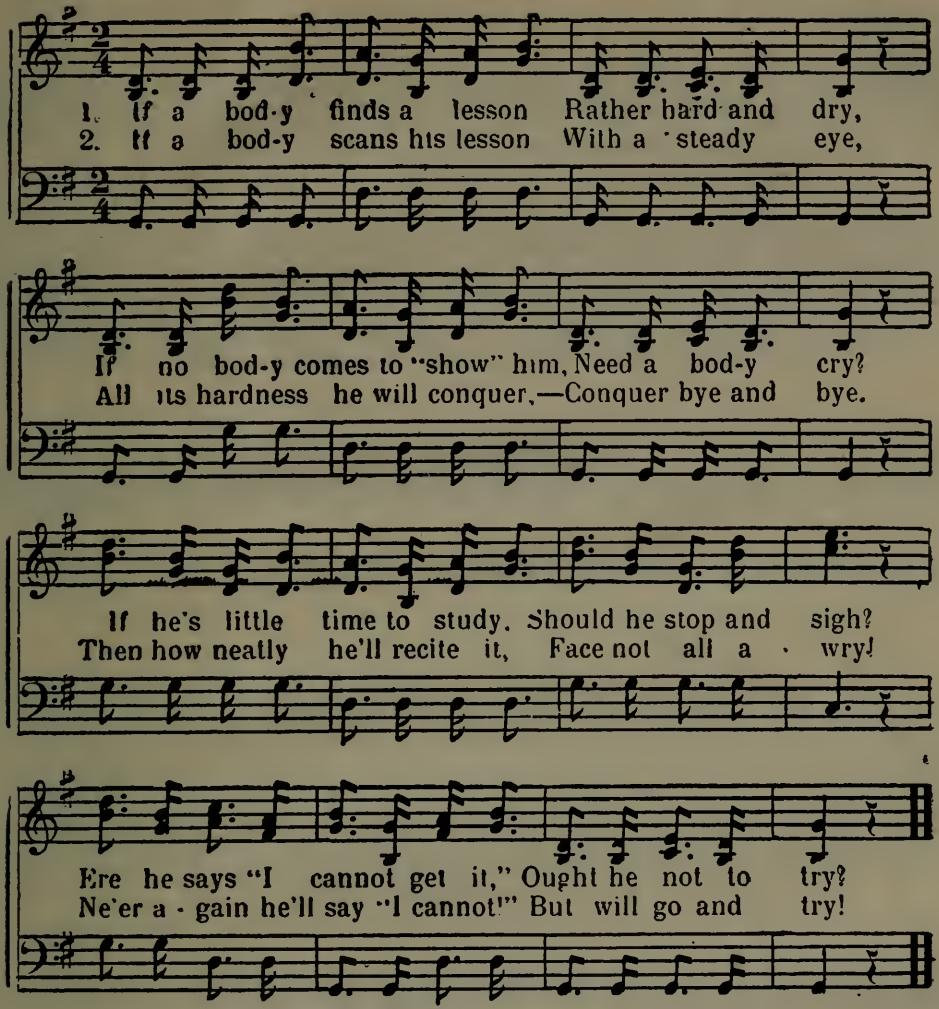
Music by J. H. Edwards.

Andantino.

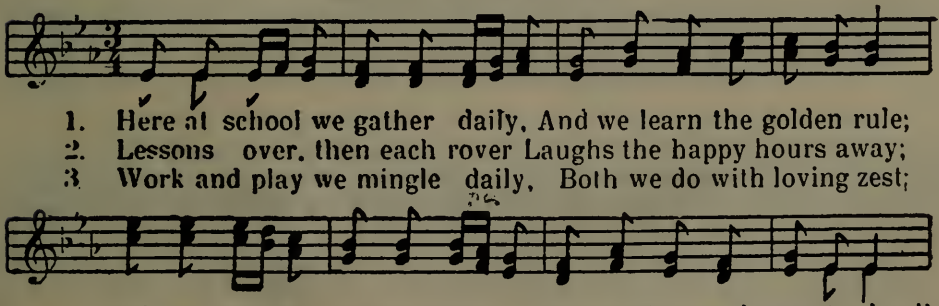


IF A BODY FINDS A LESSON.

Moderato.



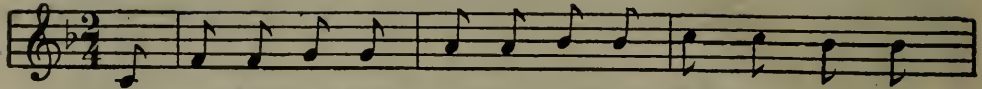
WORK AND PLAY.



THE YOUNG ROBINS.

H. E. Cogswell.

Allegretto.

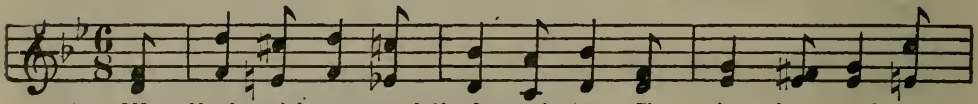


1. One day the sun was warm and bright, And shining in the sky; A robin said, "My little dears, 'Tis time you learn to fly;" And all the little young ones said, I'll try, I'll try, I'll try."
2. I know a child, and who she is I'll tell you by-and-by; When mama says, "Do this," or "that," She says, "What for?" and "Why?" She'd be a better child by far, If she would say "I'll try."

Slower.

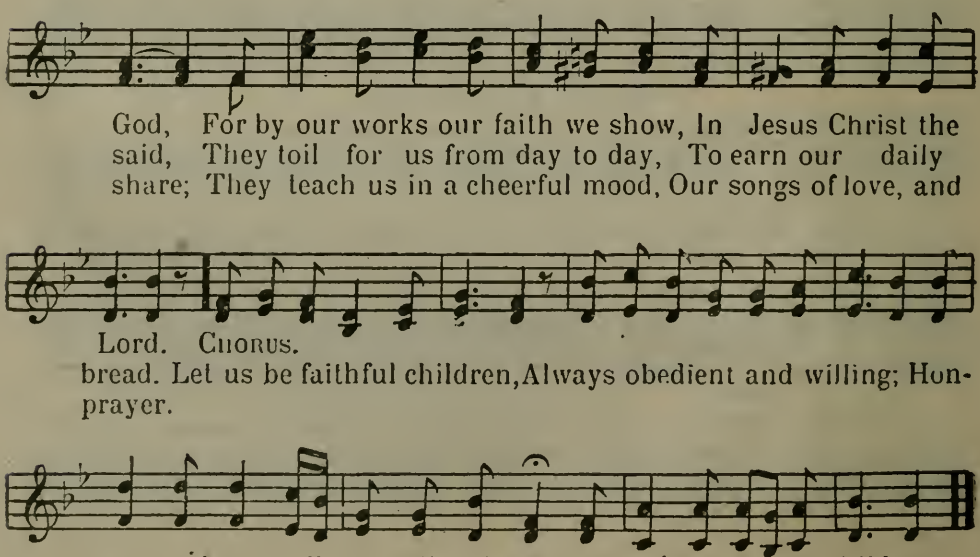
WHAT WE SHOULD LEARN.

Music by E. F. Parry.



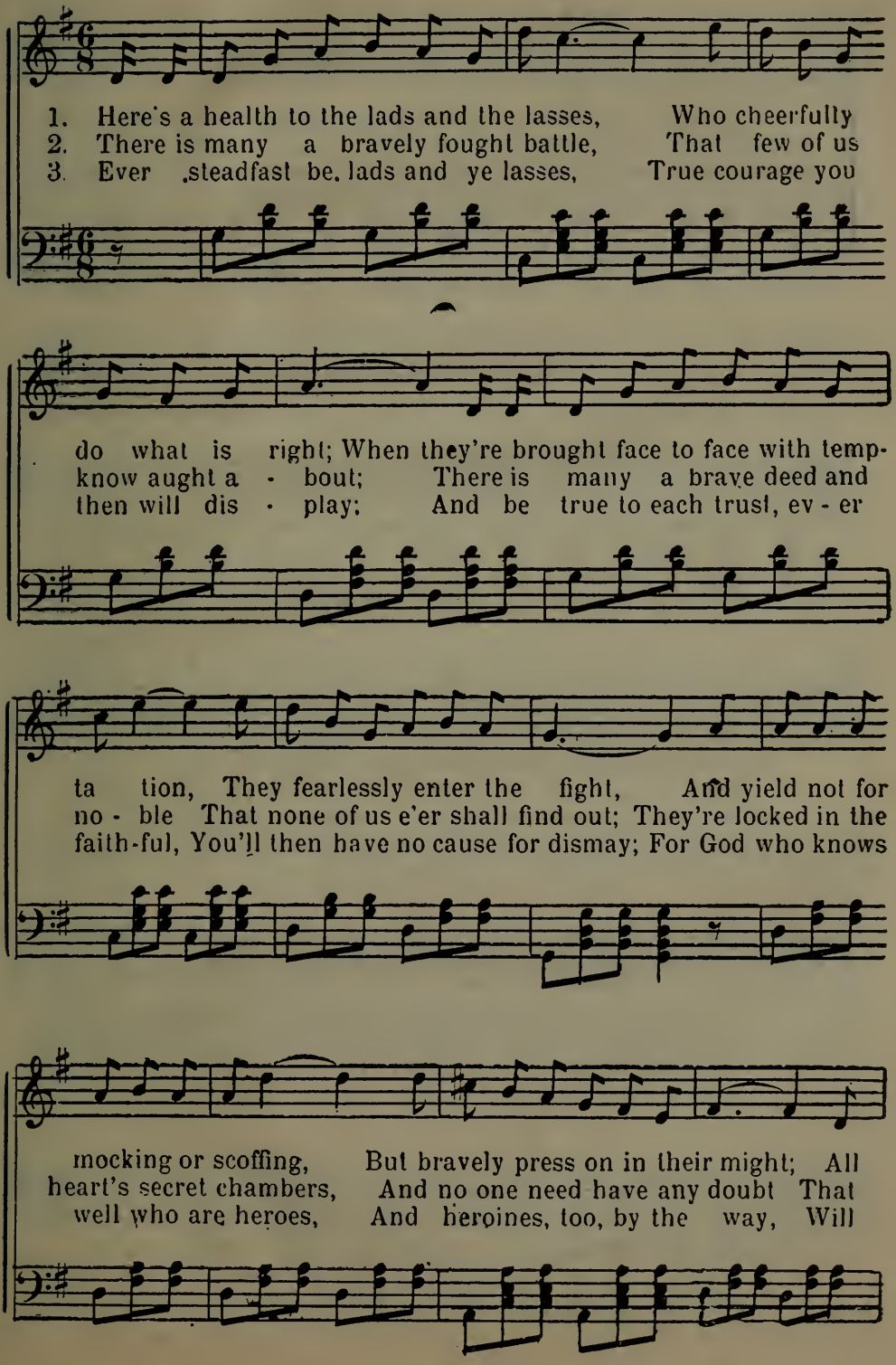
1. We all should learn while here below, To do the will of God, For by our works our faith we show, In Jesus Christ the Lord.
2. Our parents, too, we must obey, For so the Lord has said, They toil for us from day to day, To earn our daily bread.
3. Our teachers, also, kind and good, They in our love should share; They teach us in a cheerful mood, Our songs of love, and prayer.

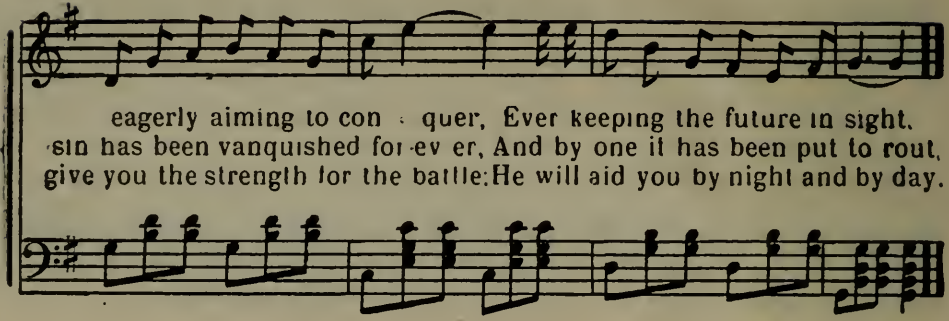
Chorus.



Let us be faithful children, Always obedient and willing; Honest and true; all e - vil eschew; Then we'll be happy children.

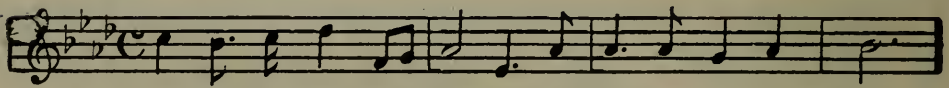
R. S. HORNE.

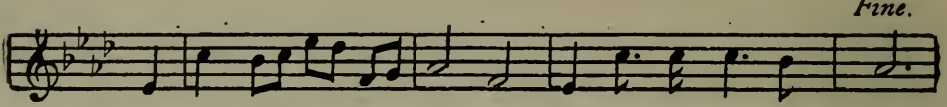

1. Here's a health to the lads and the lasses, Who cheerfully
2. There is many a bravely fought battle, That few of us
3. Ever steadfast be, lads and ye lasses, True courage you
do what is right; When they're brought face to face with temp-
know aught a - bout; There is many a brave deed and
then will dis - play; And be true to each trust, ev - er
ta tion, They fearlessly enter the fight, And yield not for
no - ble That none of us e'er shall find out; They're locked in the
faith-ful, You'll then have no cause for dismay; For God who knows
mocking or scoffing, But bravely press on in their might; All
heart's secret chambers, And no one need have any doubt That
well who are heroes, And heroines, too, by the way, Will

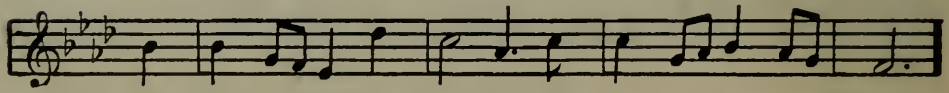


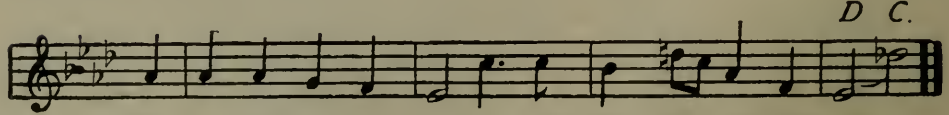
THE OLD, OLD STORY

WORDS BY McKEEVER MUSIC BY SWEENEY.





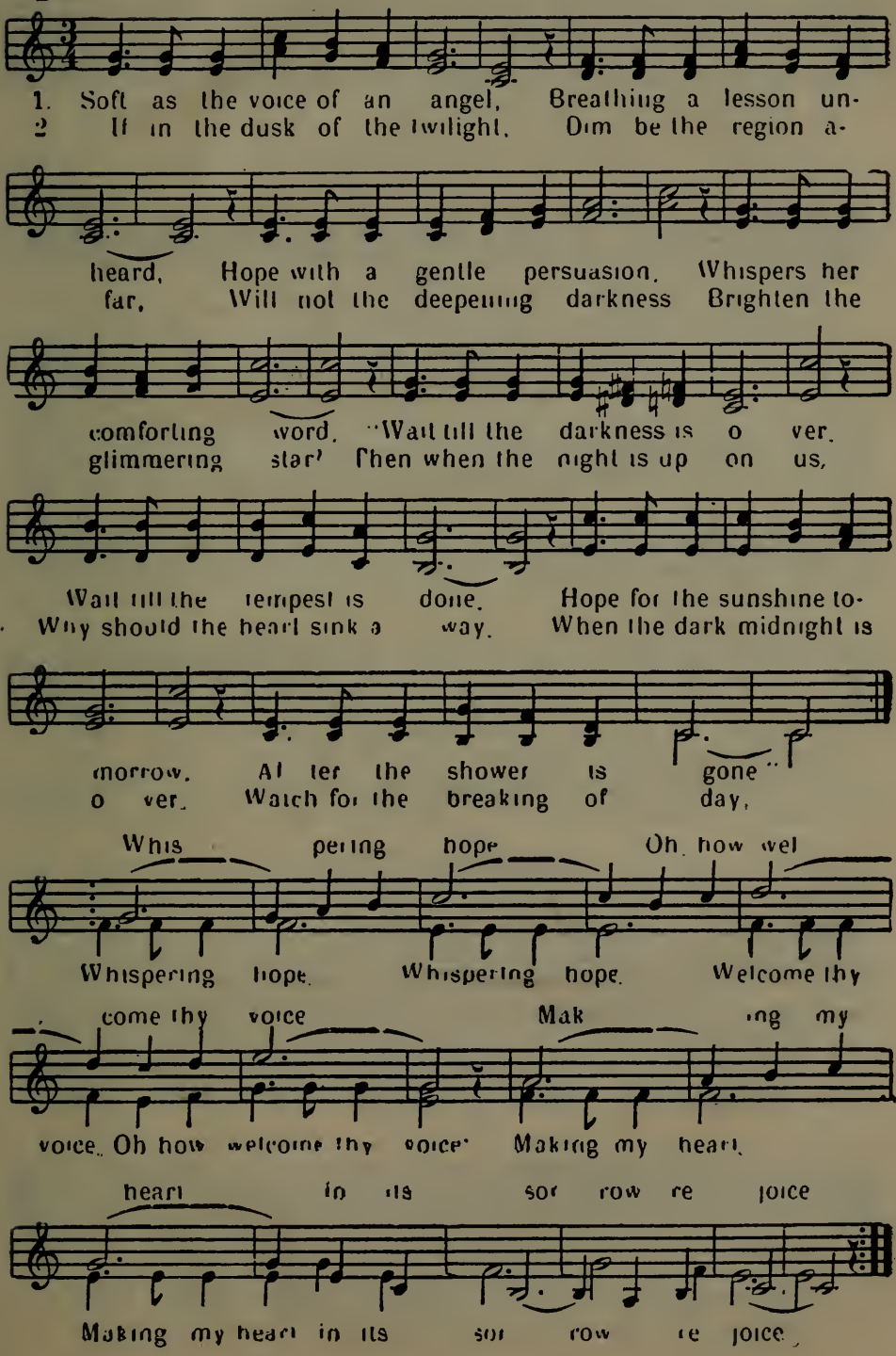




WHISPERING HOPE.

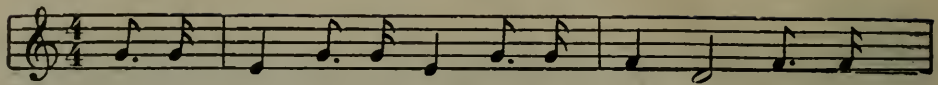
ALICE HAWTHORNE.

Dolce.

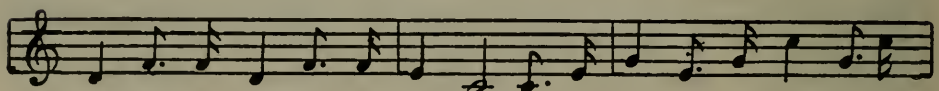


PATRIOTIC SONG.

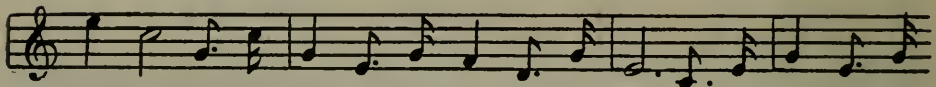
Maestoso.



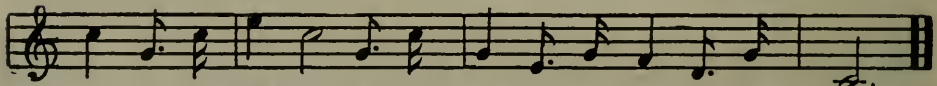
1. Come and join us with hearts and with voices, On this
2. Tell the world how the right was de fend ed; How the
3. May thy fu · ture, Col · um · bia, be glorious, O ver



day when a nation re · joic · es; Tell again in the song and the
struggle for freedom was ended; How the tumult of war and com-
wrong and oppression victorious; May the star of thine empire as-

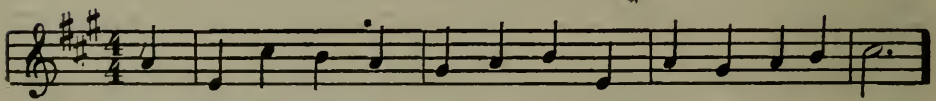


story, With the bugle, the trumpet, the drum, Of the fame, the re
motion, Found an ech · o far over the sea; How the lands and the
cending Guide the wand'rer to freedom and rest; May its light ever

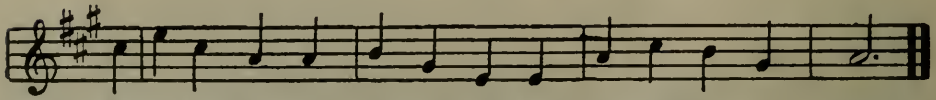


nown and the glory Of the land that we claim as our own.
isles of the ocean Sent their sons to the home of the free
pure, never ending, By the whole world be honor'd and blest

THE WORKS OF GOD.



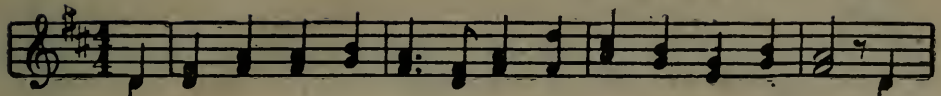
1. God made the sky that looks so blue, He made the grass so green,
2. God made the sun that shines so bright And gladdens all I see,
3. God made the cow to give us milk. The horse for us to use;
4. God made the water for our drink, He made the fish to swim,



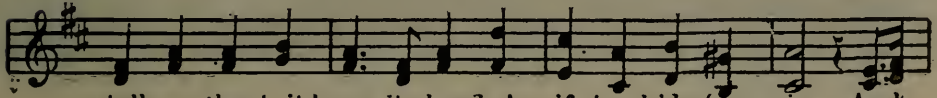
He made the flow'rs that smell so sweet, In pretty colors seen.
It comes to give us heat and light, How thankful we should be!
We'll treat them kindly for His sake, Nor dare His gifts a · buse.
He made the trees to bear us fruit, O how should we love

THE VIOLET.

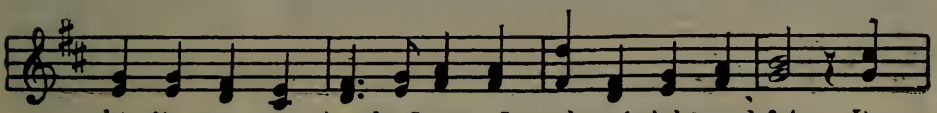
Music by D. D. E. Jones.



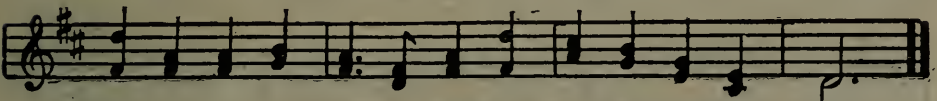
1. Down in the green and shady bed, A modest violet grew, Its
2. But there it was content to grow, In modest tint arrayed, And



stalk was bent, it hung its head, As if to hide from view, And
there diffuse a sweet perfume, Within its silent shade. Then

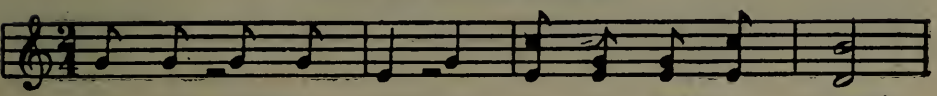


yet it was a lovely flower, Its colors bright and fair. It
let us to this valley go, This pretty flower to see. That

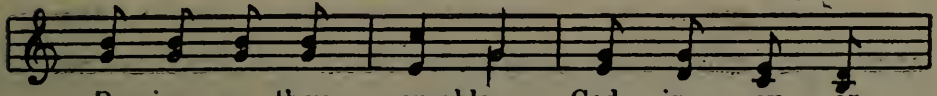


might have graced a rosy bower, Instead of hiding there.
we may always learn to grow, In sweet hu - mil - i - ty.

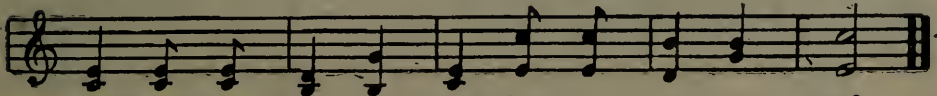
GOD IS EVER GOOD.



1. See the shining dewdrops, On the flowers strewed,
2. See the morning sunbeams Lighting up the wood,
3. In the leaf - y treetops, Where no fears in - trude,
4. Bring my heart thy tribute, Songs of grat - i - tude,



Proving as they sparkle, God is ev - er
Si - lent - ly pro - claim - ing, God is ev - er
Mer - ry birds are sing - ing, God is ev - er.
While all na - ture ut - ters, God is ev - er

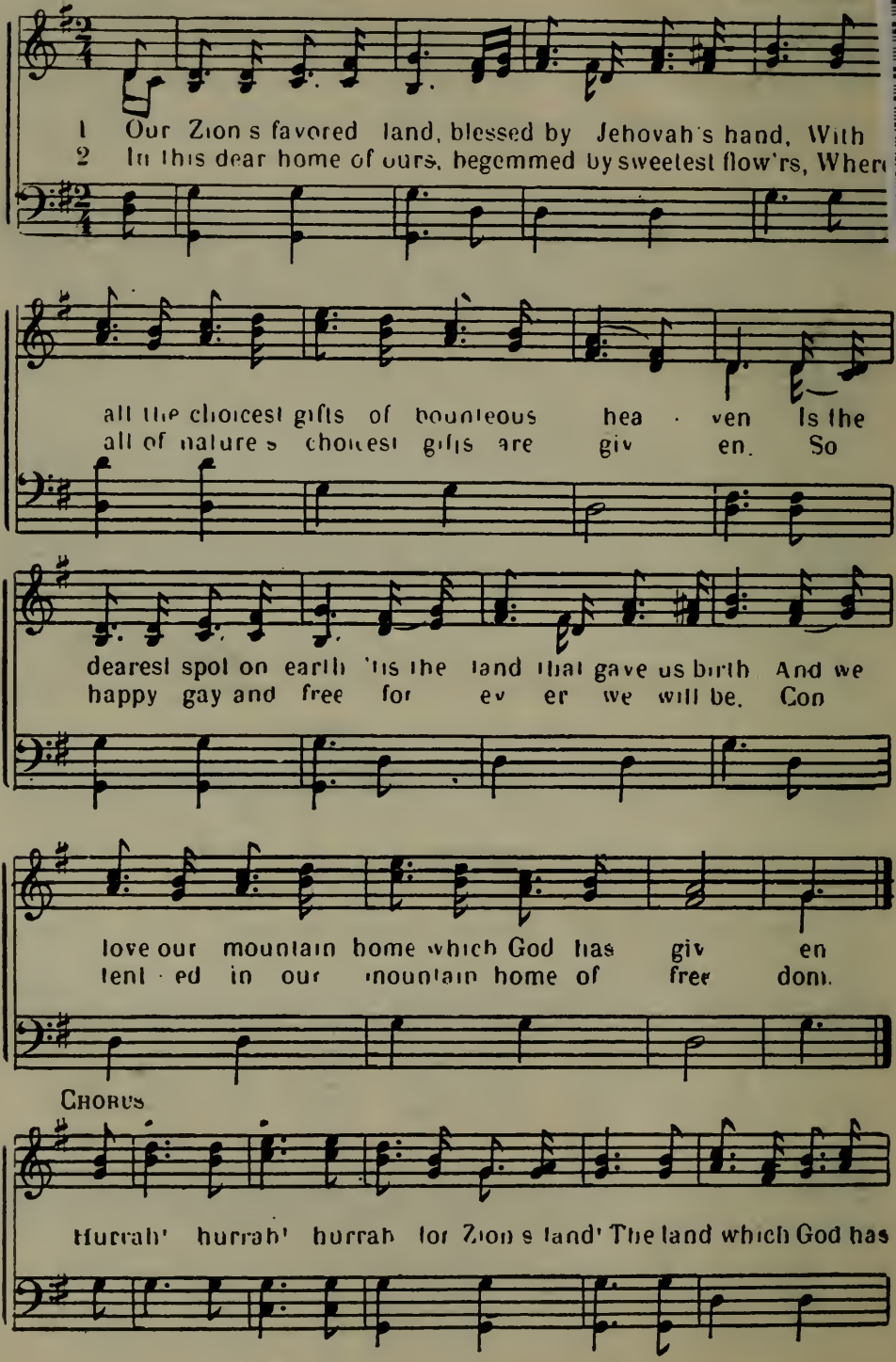


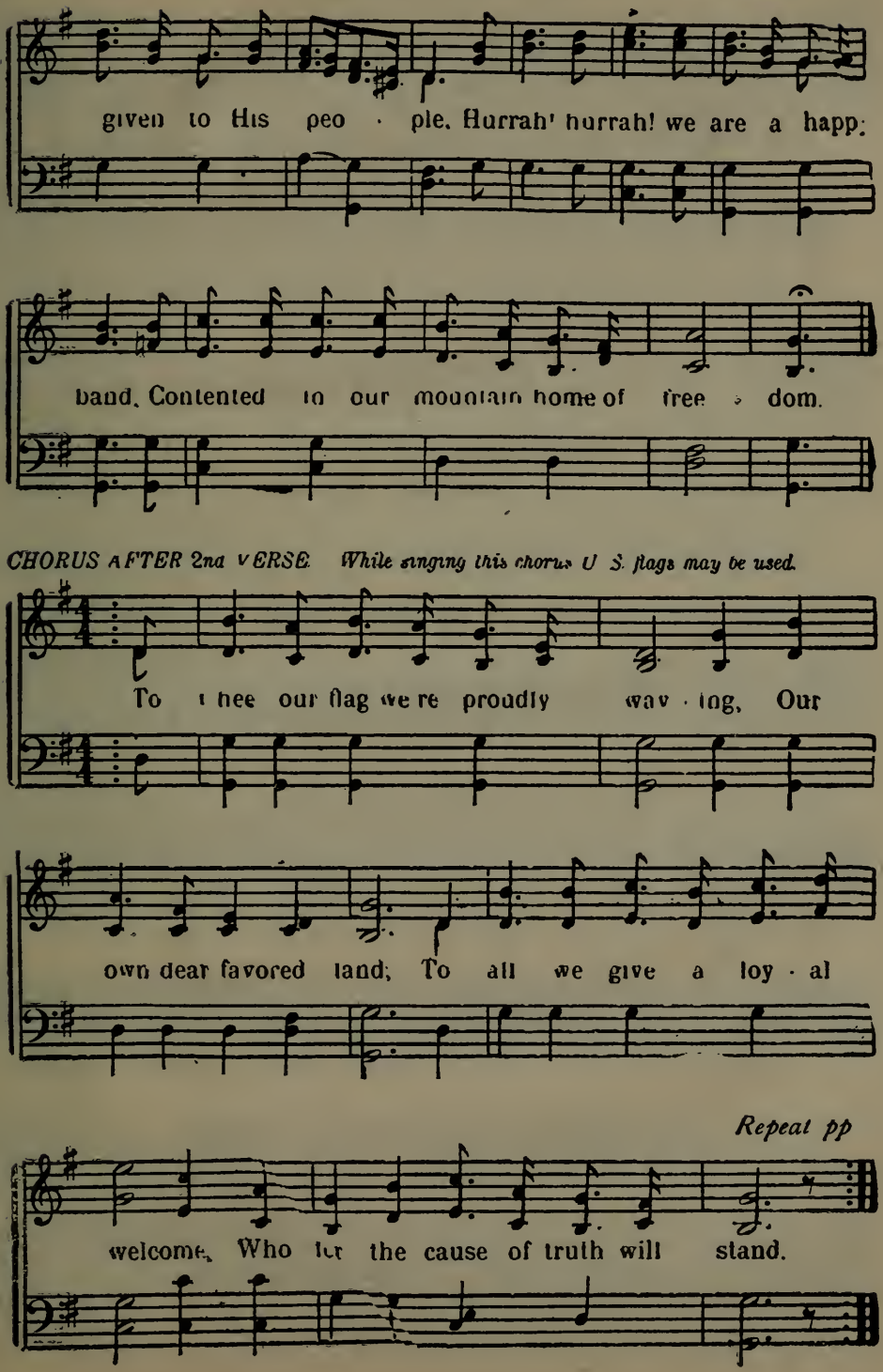
good, God is ev - er good, God is ev - er good.
good, God is ev - er good, God is ev - er good.
good, God is ev - er good, God is ev - er good.
good, God is ev - er good, God is ev - er good.

OUR MOUNTAIN HOME OF FREEDOM.

March Time

By Jas. Hood

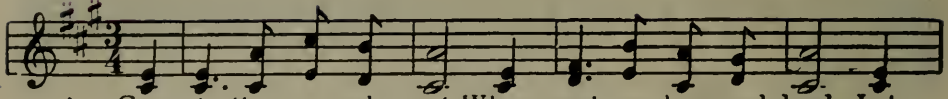



given to His peo · ple. Hurrah! hurrah! we are a happy
band. Contented in our mountain home of free · dom.
CHORUS AFTER 2nd VERSE. While singing this chorus U. S. flags may be used.
To thee our flag we're proudly wav · ing, Our
own dear favored land; To all we give a loy · al
Repeat pp
welcome, Who for the cause of truth will stand.

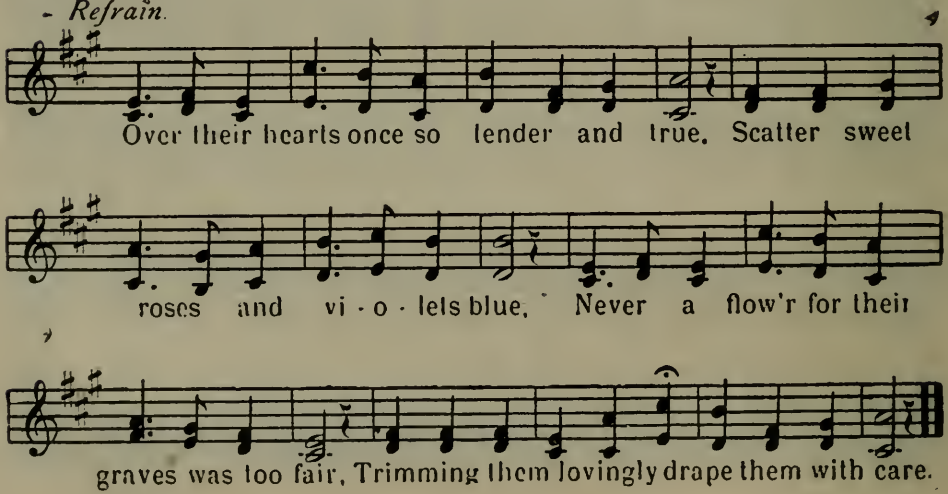
MEMORIAL HYMN.

(For Decoration Day.)

MUSIC BY A. HARDY.

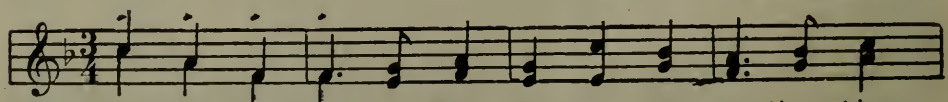


1 Come to the sacred spot Where rest our honored dead, Let all their richest offerings bring And dec - o - rate their bed.
2 Come ye bereaved and sad, Widows of heroes brave, Your lit - tle orphan'd children bring To bless their father's grave.
3 Fathers and mothers come, Bowed down with age and care, Here rests your noble, honored sons, Objects of love and care.
4 Brothers and sisters come, Your brother's love demands The richest off'rings you can bring—Off'rings of heart and hand.
5. Come parents, gather round Your loved ones sleeping here, And deck their graves with fragrant flow'rs Restrain no falling tear.
6 Our nation's God protect, Our nation's wealth adorn, And beau - ti fy the hallowed spot, Till res-ur-rec-tion morn.

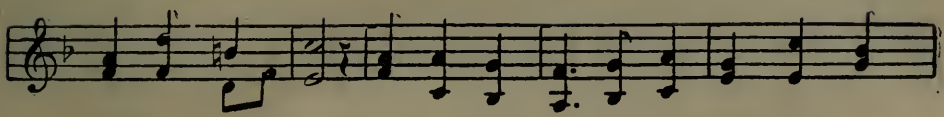
Refrain.

Over their hearts once so tender and true, Scatter sweet roses and vi - o - lets blue, Never a flow'r for their graves was too fair, Trimming them lovingly drape them with care.

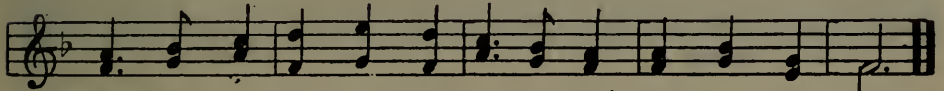
CHILDREN'S DEVOTIONAL HYMN.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY H. A. TUCKETT.



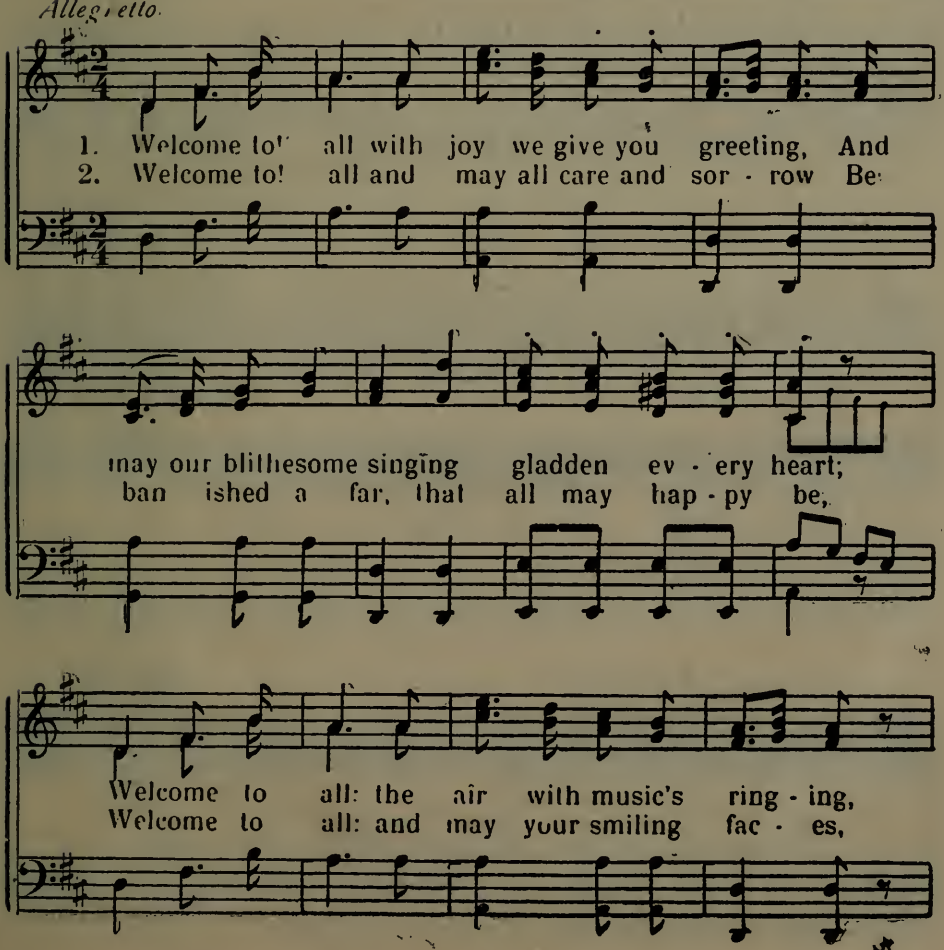
1. Oh God, Thou Great and Wise, E - ter nal as the skies,
2. Guard us through midnight hour, By Thy pro-tect - ing pow'r,

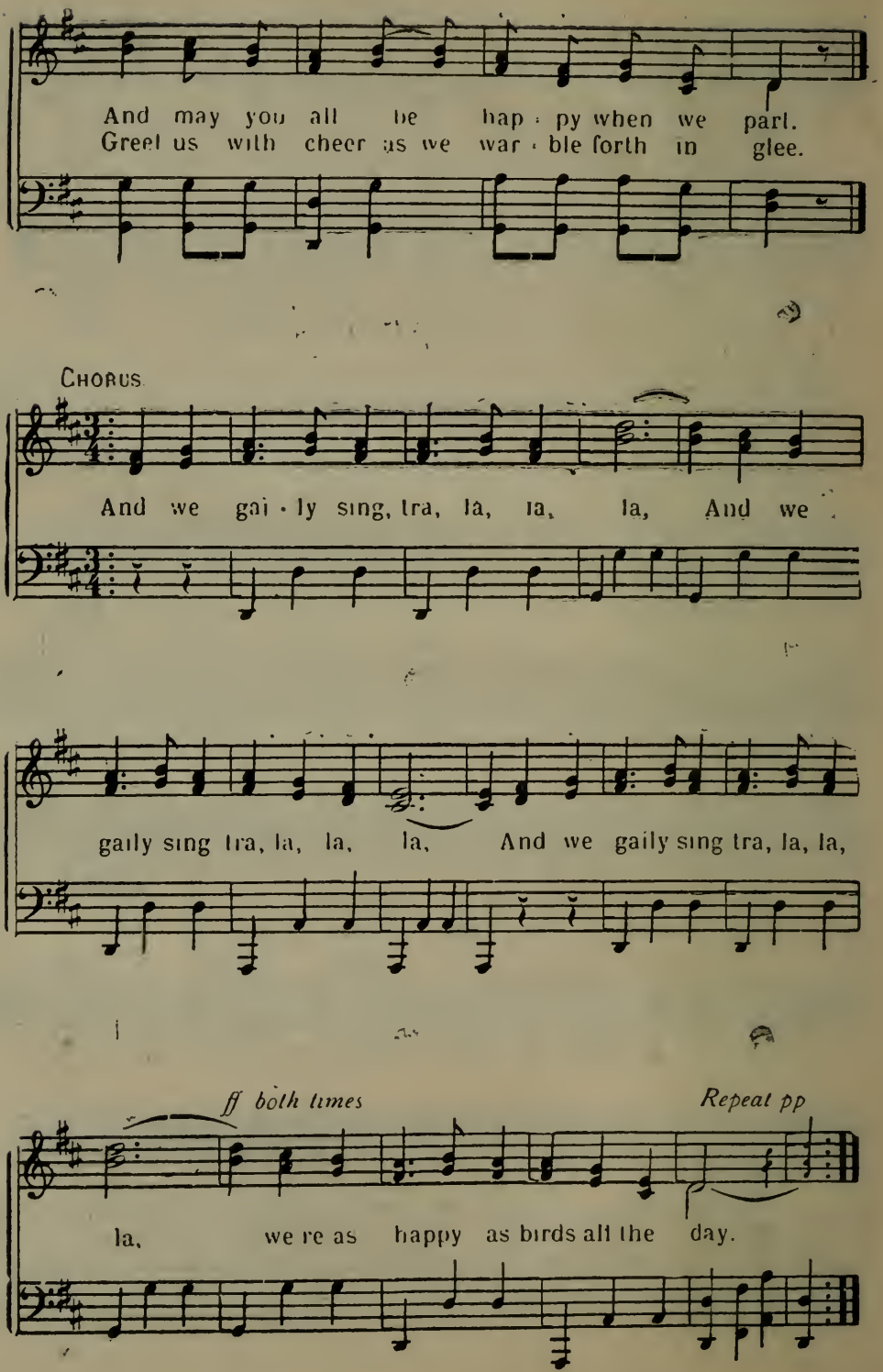


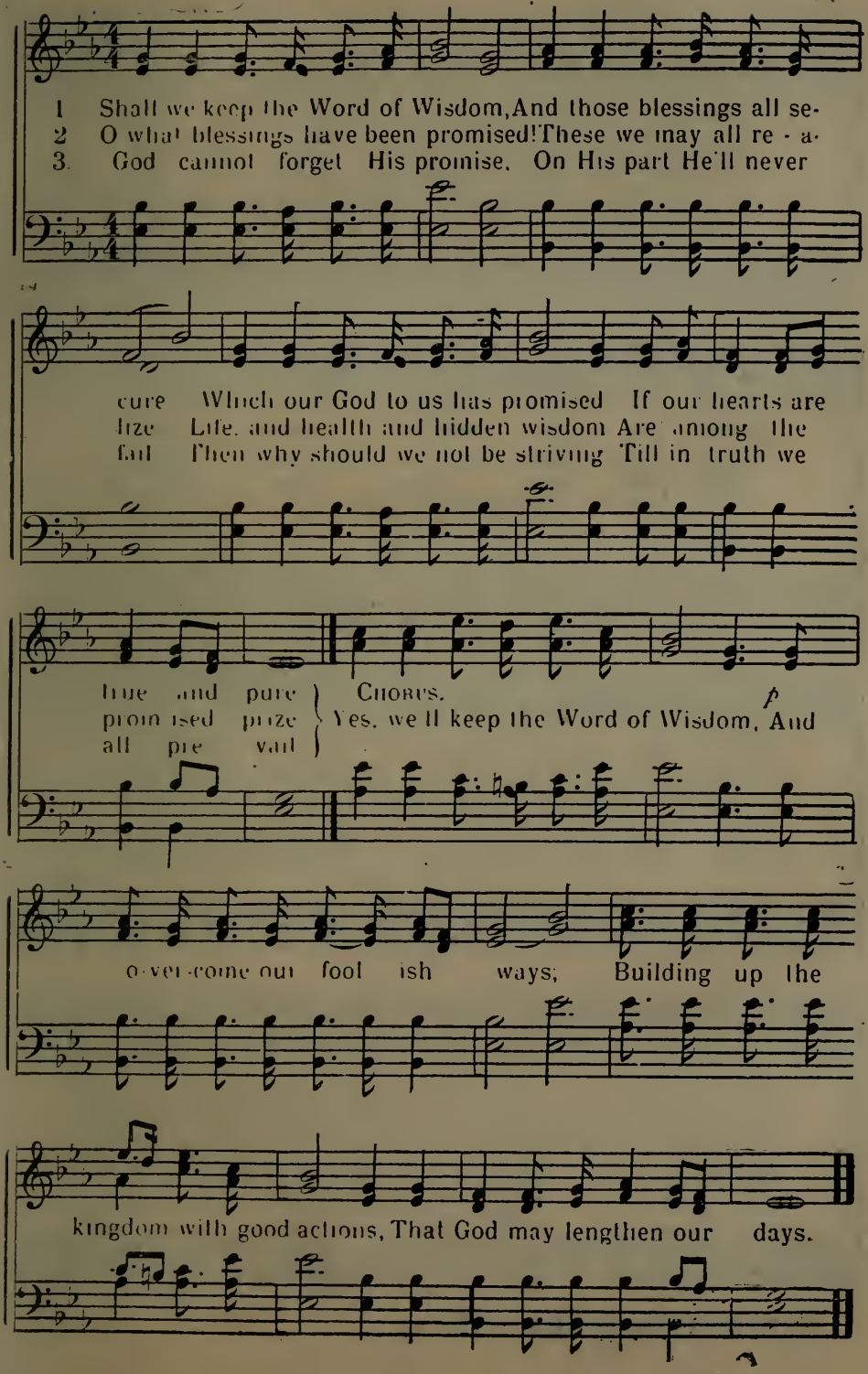


WELCOME TO ALL.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY H. A. TUCKETT.

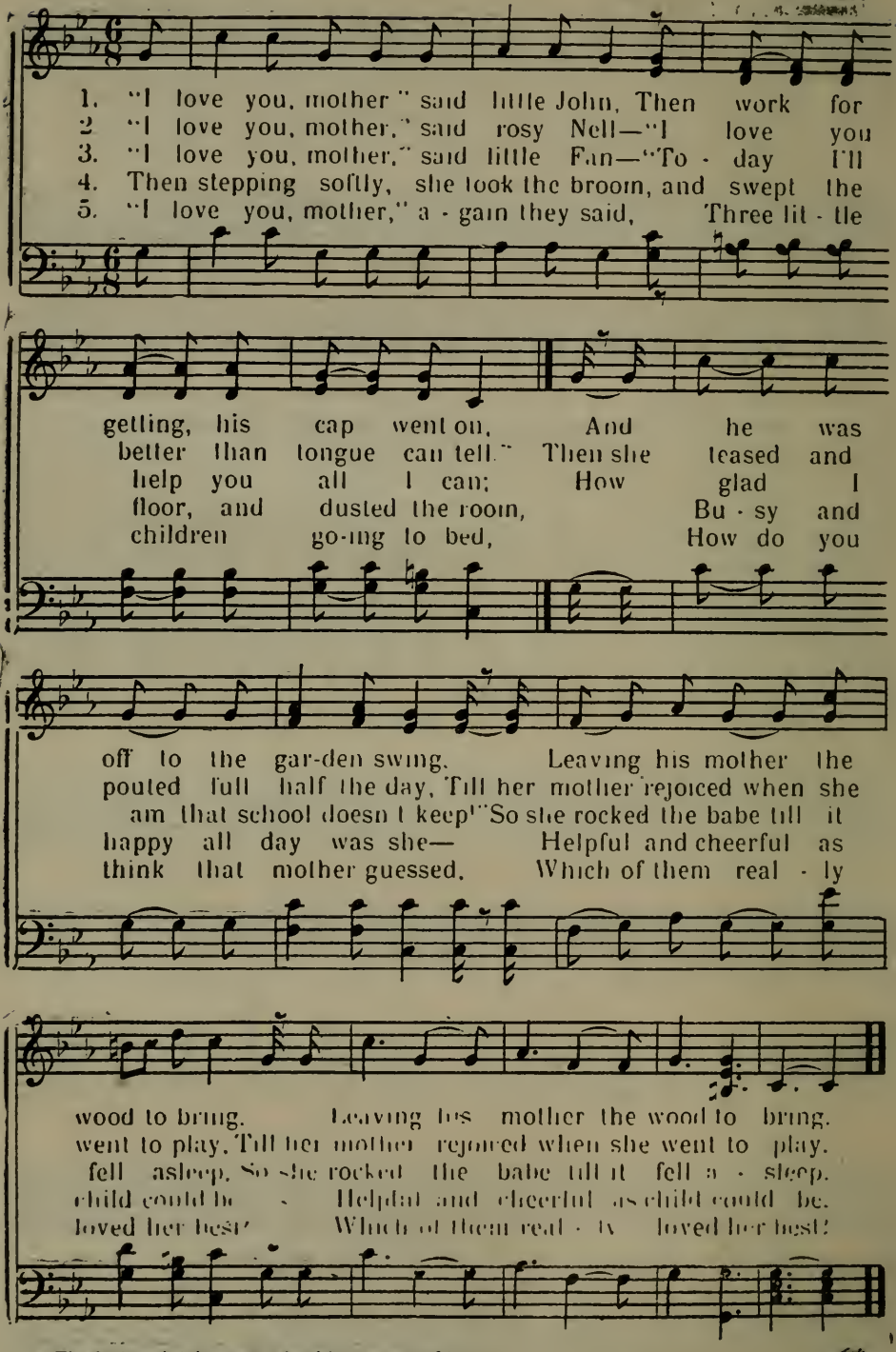



And may you all be hap - py when we part.
Greet us with cheer as we war - ble forth in glee.
Chorus
And we gai - ly sing, tra, la, la, la, And we
gaily sing tra, la, la, la, And we gaily sing tra, la, la,
ff both times
Repeat pp
la, we re as happy as birds all the day.


1 Shall we keep the Word of Wisdom, And those blessings all se-
2 O what blessings have been promised! These we may all re - a-
3. God cannot forget His promise. On His part He'll never
cure Which our God to us has promised If our hearts are
lize Life, and health and hidden wisdom Are among the
fail Then why should we not be striving Till in truth we
true and pure
prom ised prize
all pre vail
Chorus.
Yes, we'll keep the Word of Wisdom, And
p
o-ver-come our fool ish ways; Building up the
kingdom with good actions, That God may lengthen our days.

I LOVE YOU, MOTHER.

WORDS BY JOY ALLISON. MUSIC BY E. BEESLEY.



The 3rd and 4th verses should be sung softly.

DATE DUE

APR 0 3 1993

MAR 3 0 1993

JUN 1 2 2000

JUN 1 3 2000

JUN 2 8 2002

JUN 1 7 2002

NOV 0 1 2003

NOV 1 3 2003

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